



CAPTAIN AMERICA

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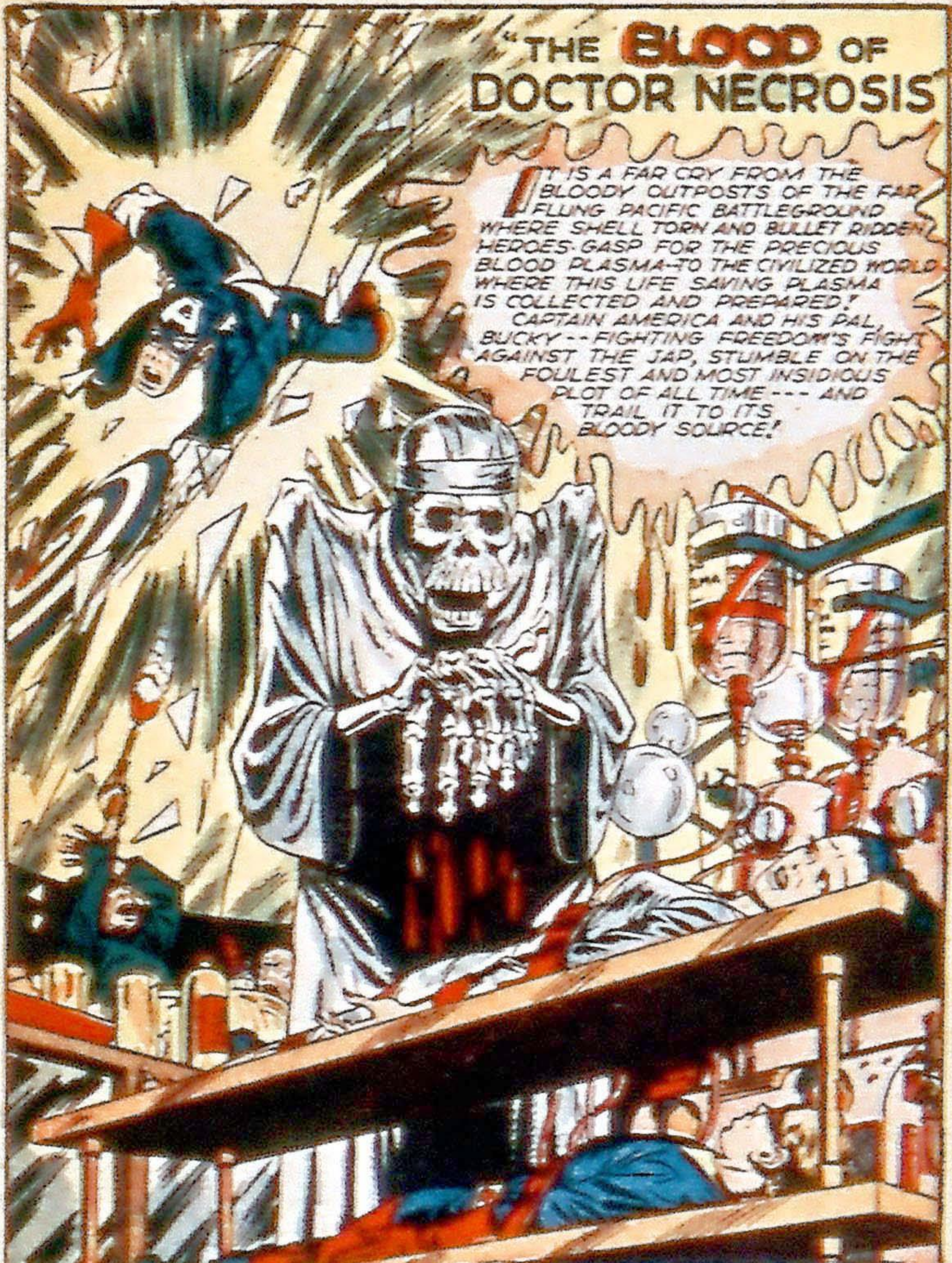
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THE **BLOOD** OF DOCTOR NECROSIS

IT IS A FAR CRY FROM THE BLOODY OUTPOSTS OF THE FAR FLUNG PACIFIC BATTLEGROUND WHERE SHELL TORN AND BULLET RIDDEN HEROES GASP FOR THE PRECIOUS BLOOD PLASMA-TO THE CIVILIZED WORLD WHERE THIS LIFE SAVING PLASMA IS COLLECTED AND PREPARED!

CAPTAIN AMERICA AND HIS PAL, BUCKY-- FIGHTING FREEDOM'S FIGHT AGAINST THE JAP, STUMBLE ON THE FOULEST AND MOST INSIDIOUS PLOT OF ALL TIME --- AND TRAIL IT TO ITS BLOODY SOURCE!

CAPTAIN AMERICA

THE OPENING
OF OUR STORY
FINDS STEVE
AND BUCKY
WITH A MIXED
AMERICAN
AND
AUSTRALIAN
SCOUT PATROL
DEEP WITHIN
THE ENEMY
LINES
SOMEWHERE
IN THE
SOUTH
PACIFIC!



LATER, SOME
DISTANCE PAST
THE VILLAGE,
THE
SOBBY
REMNANTS
OF THE
BRAVE
BAND
STOP TO
CARE
FOR
THEIR
WOUNDED!



I'M DONE FOR, YANK--
WHY BOTHER--

NO YOU'RE NOT! WE'LL GET
YOU THROUGH THE DRESSING
STATION!

HOURS LATER--THE EXHAUSTED
SURVIVORS OF THE PATROL, REACH
AN ADVANCED DRESSING STATION!



WHEW! WE
MADE IT! NOW
THE WOUNDED
CAN BE
TREATED!

THE AUSSIE HAS
BEEN AWFUL QUIET!
HOPE HE'S ALL
RIGHT!



WILL HE PULL
THROUGH, SIR?

NONE OF THEM WILL
UNLESS WE CAN GET THEM
TO THE BASE HOSPITAL!
THIS PLASMA
WILL HOLD
THEM FOR
AWHILE--BUT
ONLY FOR
AWHILE!



IF WE MAY, SIR--
WE'D LIKE TO TRY
AND GET THE
WOUNDED TO THE
BASE HOSPITAL!

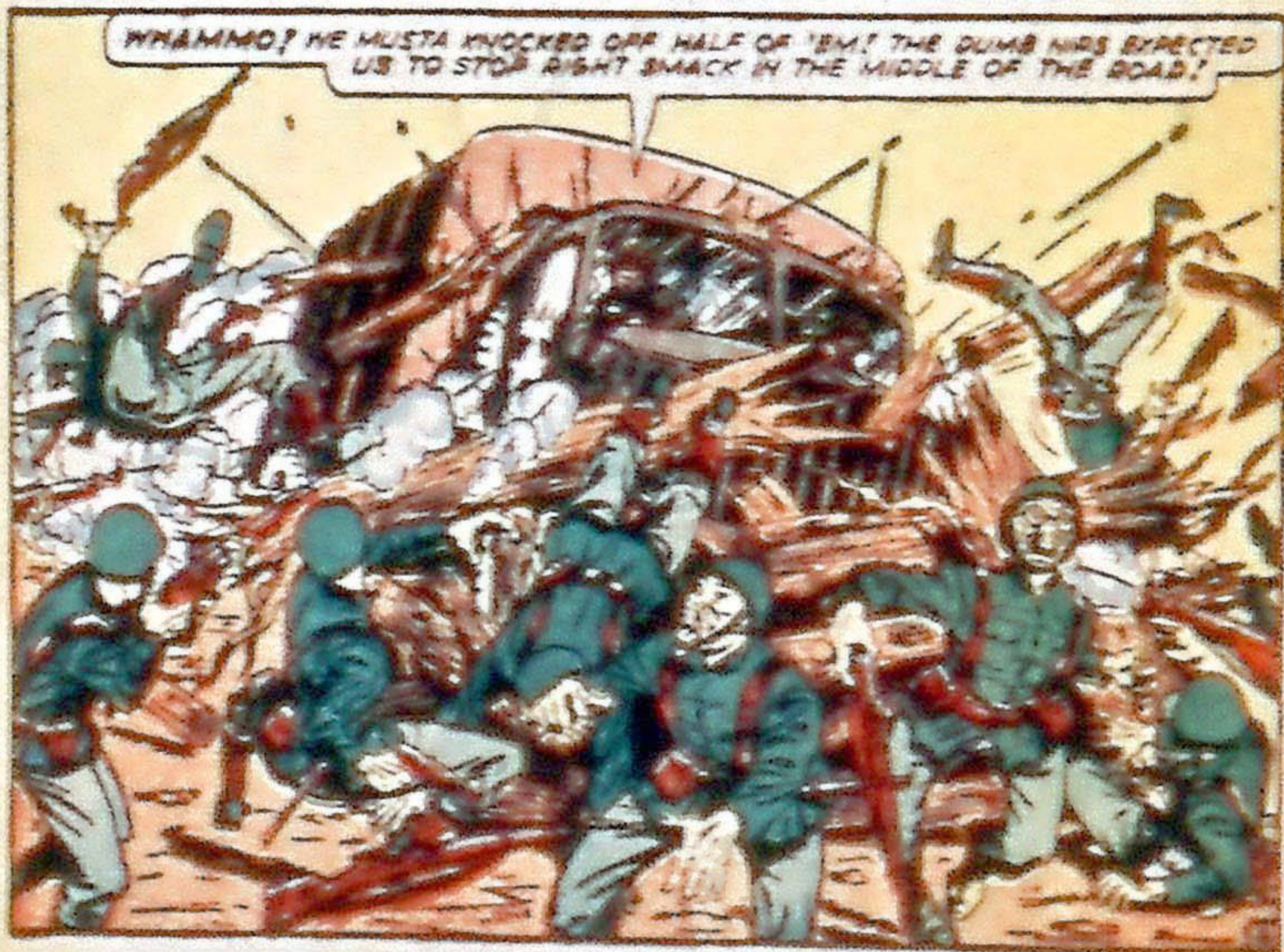
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THE
TRUCK WOULD HAVE TO GO
BY ROAD AND THAT ROAD
IS ALIVE WITH JAPS!



WE'LL GET THRU
SOMEHOW, SIR!
THEY'LL DIE IF
WE DON'T!

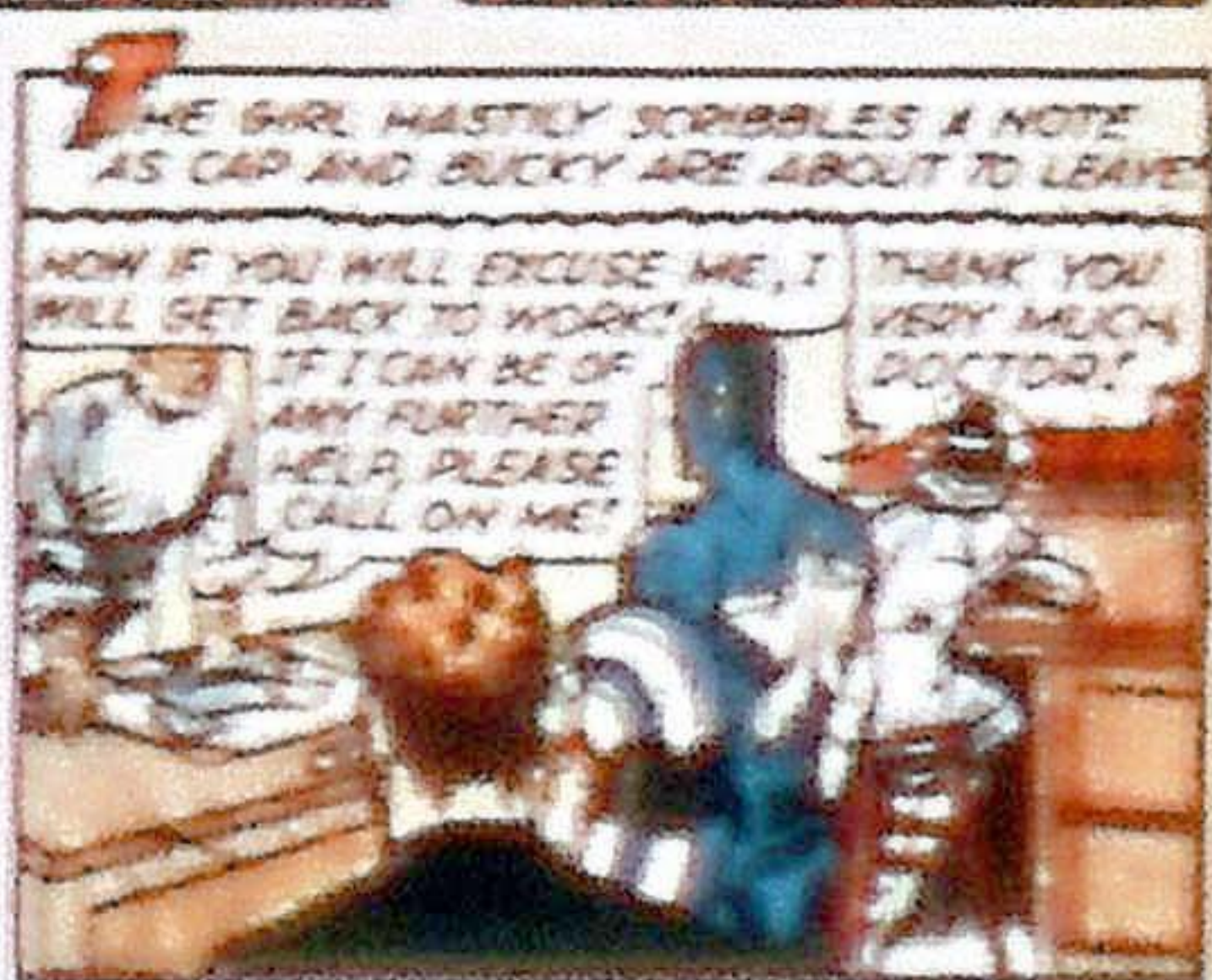
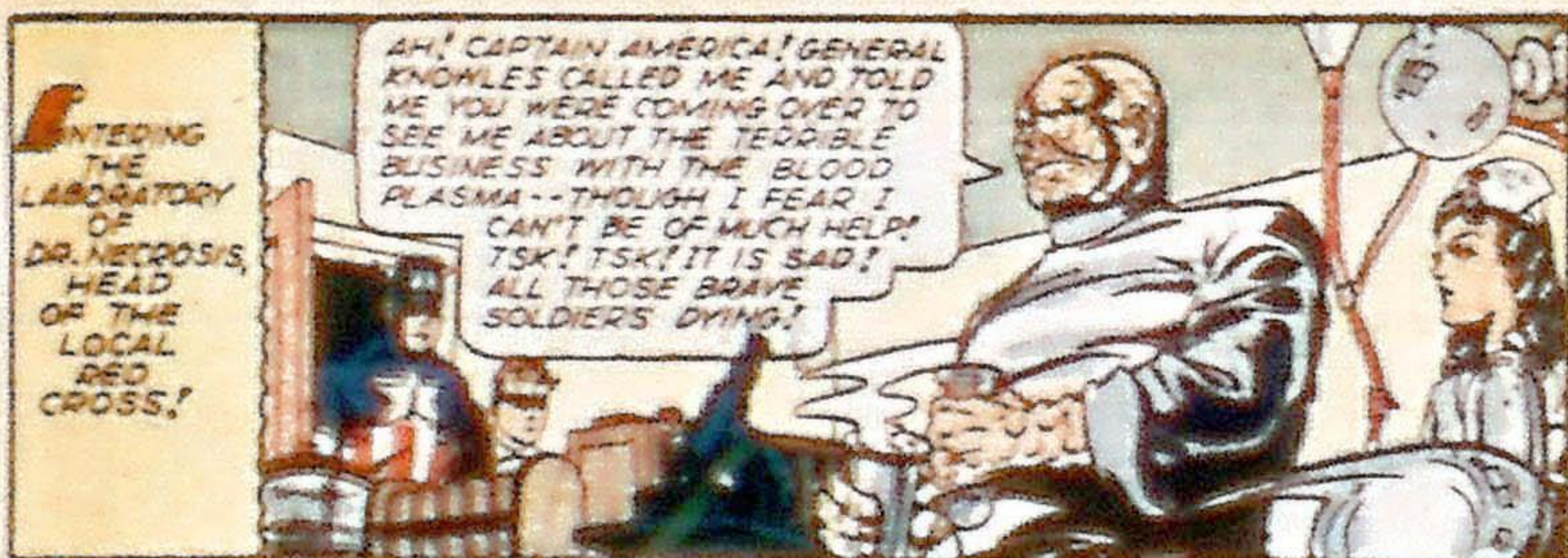
WE
GOTTA
GIVE
THEM
A CHANCE,
SIR!

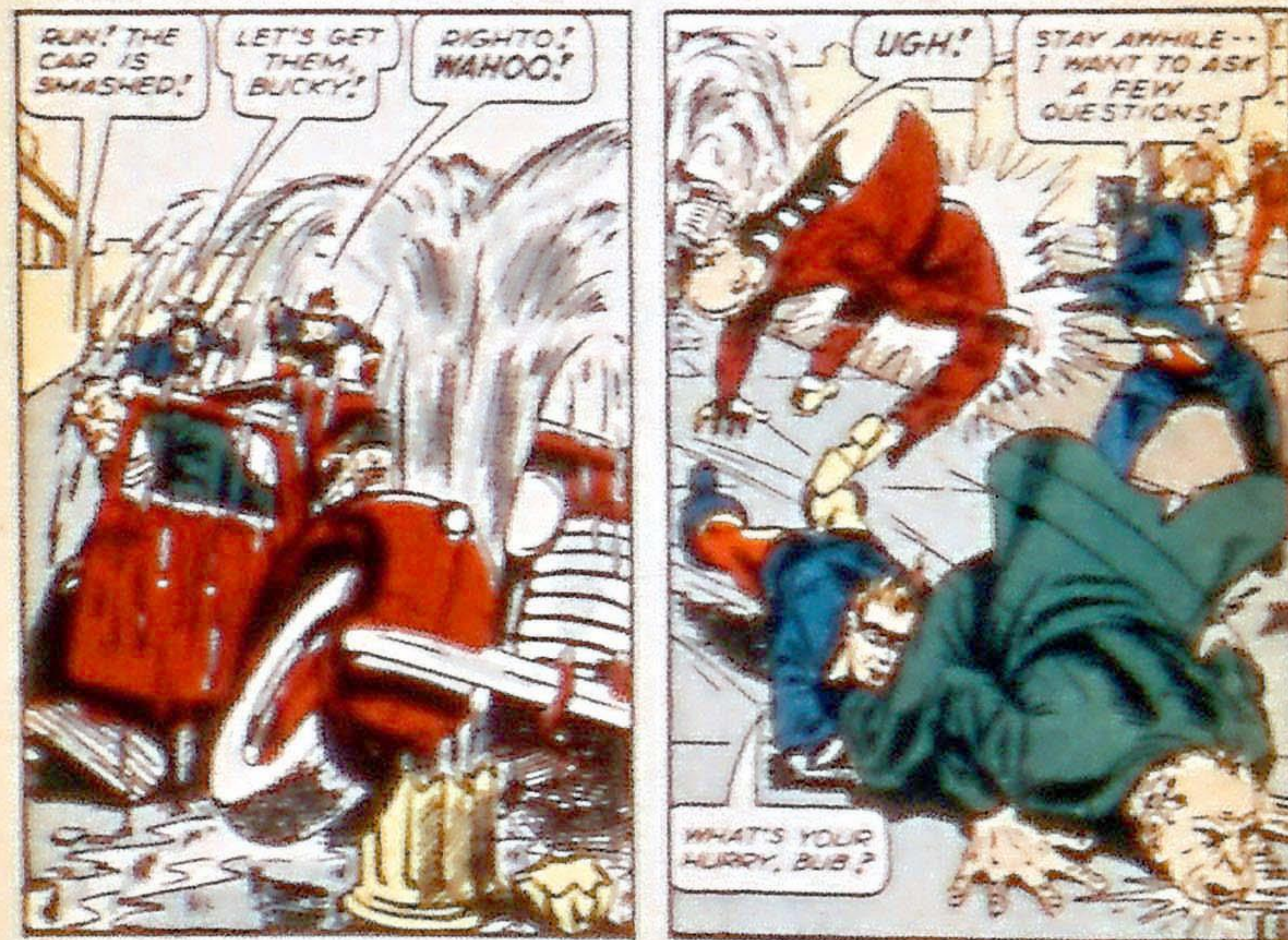
O.K., YOU WIN!
I'LL HAVE
THEM LOADED!















I WANT TO TALK TO THAT GIRL IN THE LABORATORY!

CAP AND BUCKY QUICKLY MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE REAR OF THE LABORATORY

THE NOTE SAID FOR US TO GO TO HER HOUSE IN AN HOUR, DIDN'T IT?

YES! BUT I HAVE AN IDEA THAT THIS THING WON'T WAIT THAT LONG!

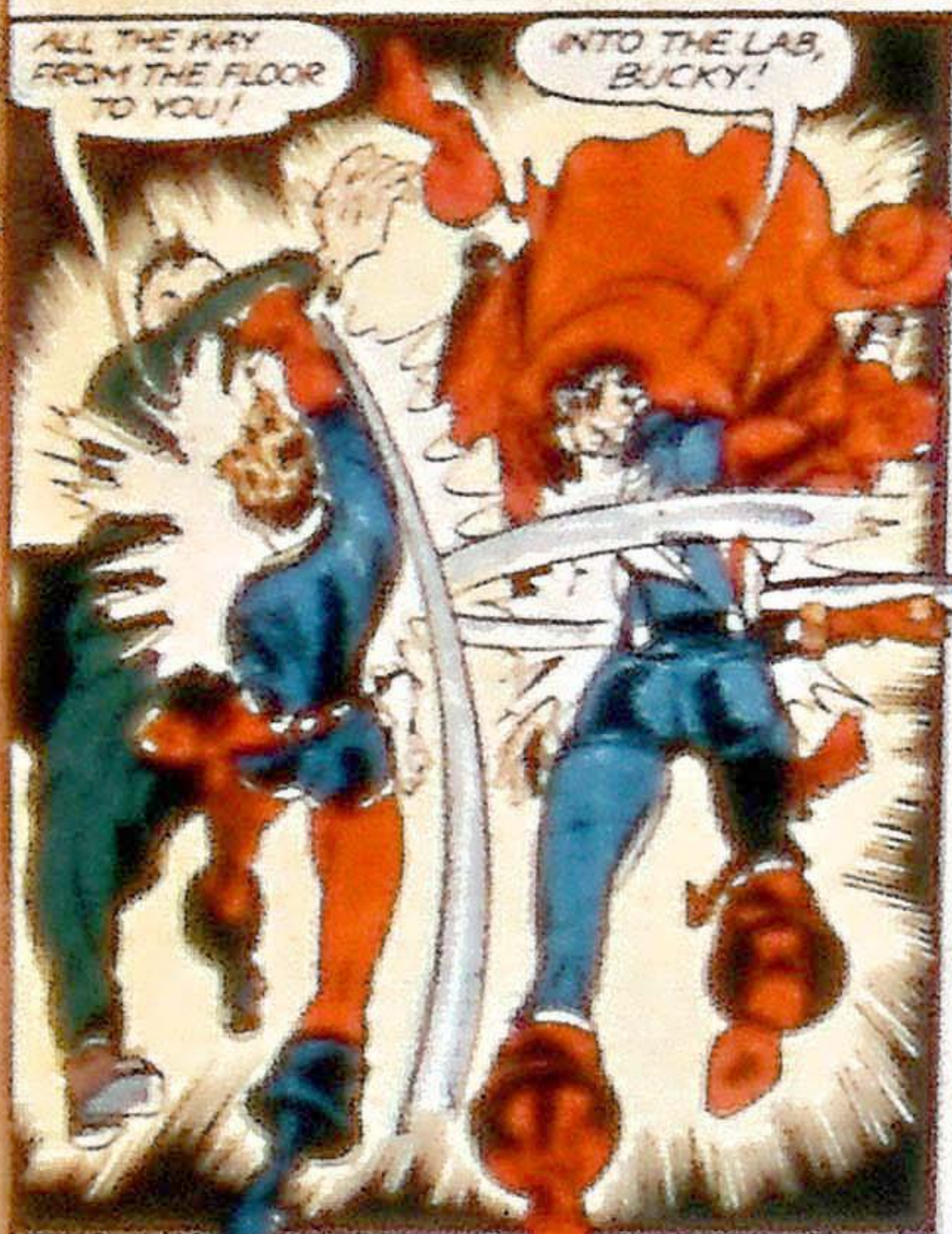


WITH THE TWO GUARDS WATCHING THE FRONT ENTRANCE, CAP AND BUCKY COME UP BEHIND THEM...

MAKE IT FAST, LAD! WE DON'T WANT TO GIVE THE DOCTOR TOO MUCH TIME!

RIGHTO!





ALL THE WAY
FROM THE FLOOR
TO YOU!

INTO THE LAB,
BUCKY!



WHAT
IS
THE
MEAN-
ING OF
THIS?

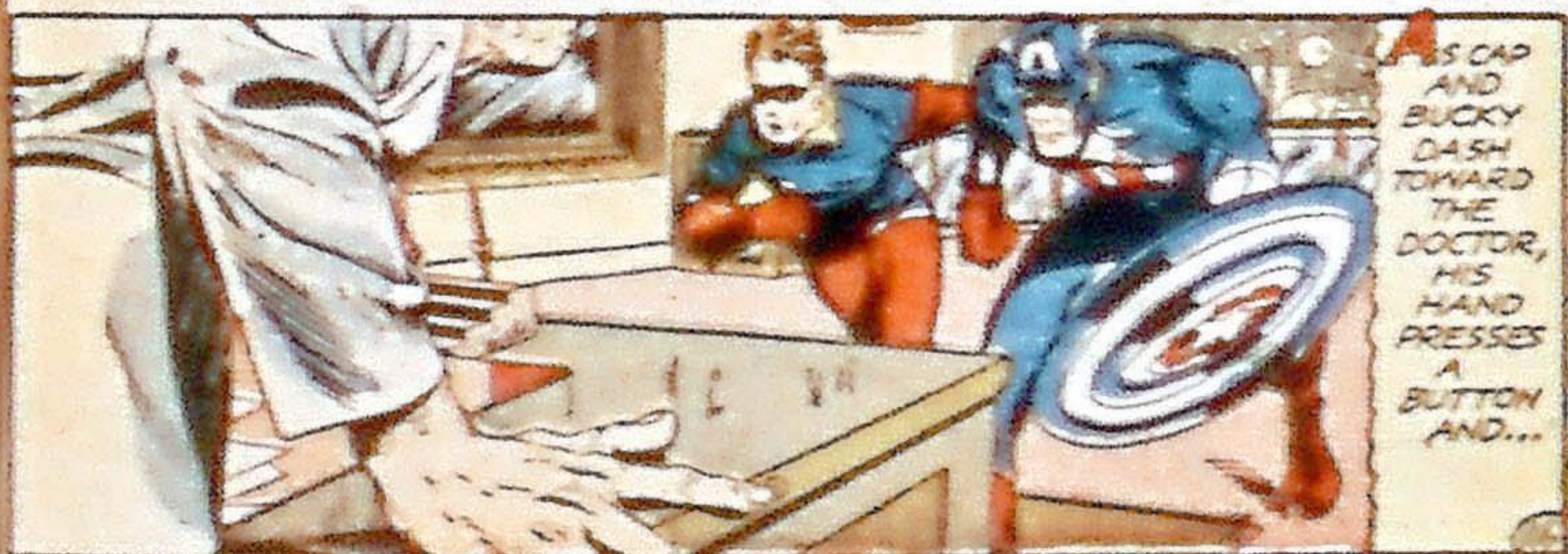


IT MEANS
THAT WE WANT
TO KNOW WHAT
YOU DID WITH
THAT GIRL!

GIRL? OH! YOU MEAN
MISS KNOWELS, THE
GENERAL'S DAUGHTER!
WHY SHE LEFT
SOME TIME AGO!

CAP'S KEEN EYES PROVE THE LIE AND
HE CONFRONTS THE LEERING DOCTOR
WITH THE EVIDENCE...

IF SHE LEFT, WHAT
IS HER HAT AND
COAT DOING
HERE?



AS CAP
AND
BUCKY
DASH
TOWARD
THE
DOCTOR,
HIS
HAND
PRESSES
A
BUTTON
AND...

A SECTION OF THE FLOOR GIVES IN THE RITH OF THEIR RUSH TOWARD THE LEERING FIGURE BEHIND THE DESK....

HA-HA! IT'S AN OLD TRICK, CAPTAIN AMERICA! AND YET IT ALWAYS WORKS!

OOPS!

YEOW!



AND DOWN TUMBLE OUR TWO HEROES INTO THE WAITING ARMS OF DOCTOR NECROSIS' MURDEROUS HENCHMEN....

HOLD THEM! I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!

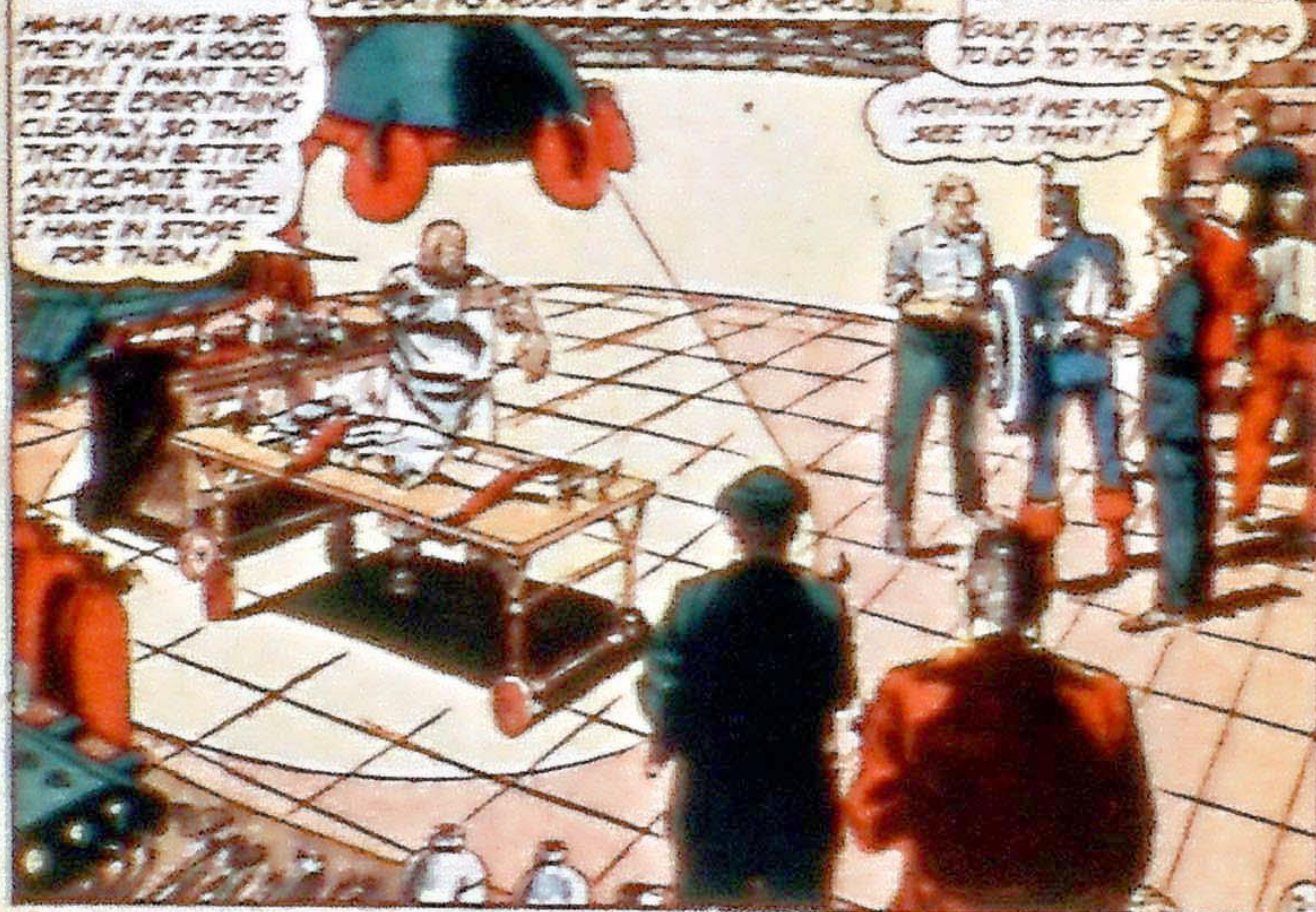


HAZED BY THEIR FALL, CAP AND BUCKY ARE SOON MADE PRISONERS IN THE WEIRD OPERATING ROOM OF DOCTOR NECROSIS...

HA-HA! MAKE SURE THEY HAVE A GOOD VIEW! I WANT THEM TO SEE EVERYTHING CLEARLY, SO THAT THEY MAY BETTER ANTICIPATE THE DELIGHTFUL FATE I HAVE IN STORE FOR THEM!

GULP! WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO TO THE GIRL?

NOTHING! HE MUST SEE TO THAT!



...AND BUCKY HEAR AN ASTOUNDING TALE!

BY NOW YOU KNOW THAT I SUFFER FROM THE DREAD WHITE GANGRENE! IT WAS MY ACCURSED FATE TO LIVE AND SUFFER UNTOLD TORTURE, WHILE ALL OTHER VICTIMS FOUND RELIEF IN DEATH!



...WHILE THE FRIENDLY DOCTOR PREPARES HIS VICTIM!

AFTER MONTHS OF SUFFERING AND EXPERIMENTING, I CHANCED UPON THE FACT--THAT BY LETTING MY CONTAMINATED BLOOD AND REPLENISHING IT WITH CLEAN FRESH BLOOD--I SUFFERED LESS!



(GORDON) GOSH, CAP! WE CAN'T STAND BY AND LET HIM DO THAT!

EASY, LAD! THAT'S ONLY A HYPERDERMIC NEEDLE! I'LL SIGNAL AT THE FIRST WRONG MOVE!



WITH RELIEF FROM THE TERRIBLE PAIN OF THE DREAD DISEASE, I TURNED TO FIND A CURE! AND AFTER YEARS OF RESEARCH, FOUND IT! BUT ALL MY WORK WENT FOR NAUGHT! BECAUSE--ONLY A CERTAIN RARE TYPE OF BLOOD WOULD SUCCESSFULLY FORM THE BASIS OF THE SERUM--THAT WOULD CURE THIS HORRIBLE DISEASE!



I SEARCHED THE WORLD OVER, LOOKING FOR THIS BLOOD TYPE! THOUSANDS! HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS! AND THEN IT CAME TO ME! I AM A GERMAN--AND WHEN MY FATHERLAND DECLARED WAR ON THE WORLD--



--I HIT UPON THE IDEA OF HELPING MY COUNTRY AND AT THE SAME TIME, I KNEW AMONG THE MILLIONS OF FOOLS DONATING THEIR BLOOD--TO THE BLOOD BANKS, I WOULD FIND THE RARE BLOOD TYPE TO CURE ME!



... AND WHILE I, USING HER BLOOD AM CURED OF THE DREAD DISEASE, SHE CONTRACTS IT! AND AFTER I AM THRU WITH HER, BOTH OF YOU WILL BE INJECTED!



HOW ABOUT ALL YOUR OTHER
EXPERIMENTS WITH THE OTHER
BLOOD TYPES THAT
FAILED?



HA-HA! THESE WERE CONTAMINATED
WITH MY BLOOD! I SENT
THEM TO THE
BATTLEFIELDS TO
SPREAD THE
DISEASE AMONG
THE WOUNDED
ALLIED
PIGS!



THAT'S ALL
I WANT TO
KNOW! —



HIMMEL! SHOOT!
I CAN'T FAIL NOW!
THAT I FOUND THE
CURE! HOLD THEM
SHOOT!

BAR BATTLES THE THUGS, AS BUCKY QUICKLY CLIMBS THE RAIL.

HURRY LADY! BEFORE HE CAN CARRY OUT HIS HORRIBLE PLAN! I'LL HOLD THESE RATS!

RIGHTO!



AND FLASHES THRU THE AIR STRAIGHT AT THE FIEND READY TO BEGIN HIS MURDEROUS EXPERIMENT...

OFF!

GOOD GOSH! HE TURNED ON THAT CONTRADICTION AND THE GIRL'S BLOOD IS COMING OUT OF THE END OF THE TUBE!



SHE'LL BLEED TO DEATH... IF I DON'T STOP THE FLOW!



BUCKY RISES TO THE OCCASION AND QUICKLY RIPPING THE TUBE LOOSE... FASHIONS A TOURNIQUET TO STANCH THE FLOW...

HAVE YOU FREE OF THOSE STRAPS AS SOON AS I GET THIS THING SET!



SOME FIFTH SENSE HADN'T CAP AS BUCKY ENGROSSED IN SAVING THE GIRL FAILS TO SEE THE MENACE CREEPING UP ON HIM!



(GROAN) GREAT GUNS! I CAN NEVER REACH HIM IN TIME!



HUMAN TORCH

TORCH AND TORO HOP TO HOLLYWOOD TO LOOK INTO THE RECENT FLARE UP OF FIRES AT THE FBI'S REQUEST... AND MANIC... BUT A MAD GENIUS WITH A FLARE FOR THE DRAMATIC... WHEN THE FLAME "MEET THE DIRECTOR OF DEATH!"



HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA!



GOLLY, TORCH!
I CAN RECOGNIZE
SOME OF THE STARS
FROM HERE!

CUT THE STAR
GAZING, TORO!
HERE'S OUR
DESTINATION...
POLICE HEADQUARTERS!
C'MON!

...AND YOU SAY
THESE FIRES
ARE A COMPLETE
MYSTERY? WERE
THERE ANY
CASUALTIES?

YES... ONE
PERSON KILLED
IN EVERY
FIRE... AS IF
IT WAS PLANNED
THAT WAY!



THAT'S JUST IT! WE
DON'T KNOW WHAT STARS
ARE ON VACATION AT
THIS TIME! WE CAN'T
CHECK UP TILL
THE WEEK-END
WHEN THEY ALL
RETURN! SAY!
THERE'S ANOTHER
FIRE!
LET'S GO!

RIGHT!



AT THE SCENE OF THE
FIRE... PIXY PICTURES...

THAT'S FOR US, KID!
LET'S GO!

CHECK!

THERE'S A
MAN TRAPPED
IN THERE!



USING A FLAMING
BLANKET, FIGHTING
FIRE WITH FIRE... THE
FLAME MASTERS
ACT...

STAND
BACK!

THAT'LL
DO IT, TORO!



THE FIRE SNAPPED OUT... TORCH
RESCUES THE VICTIM.....

HE SEEMS TO BE
ALL RIGHT... SLIGHT BURNS
AND SHOCK!

THANKS,
TORCH!

YIPPEE! LOOK
HERE, TORCH!

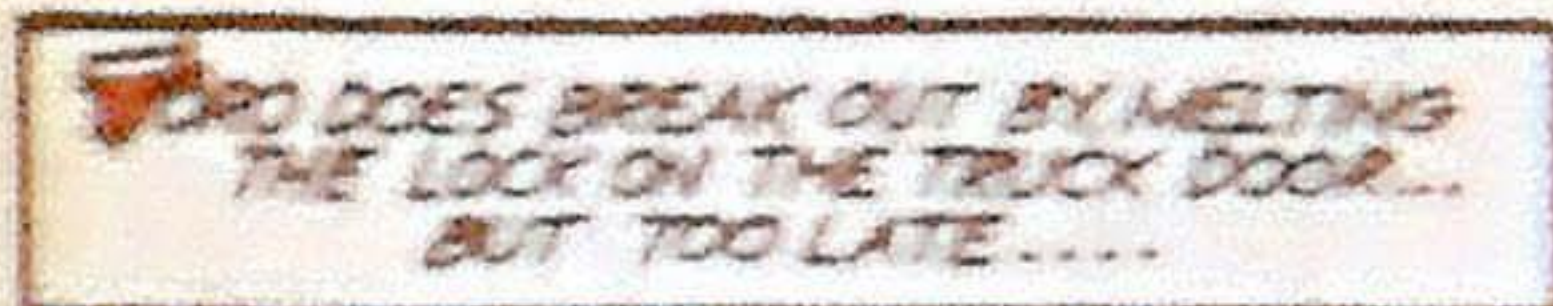
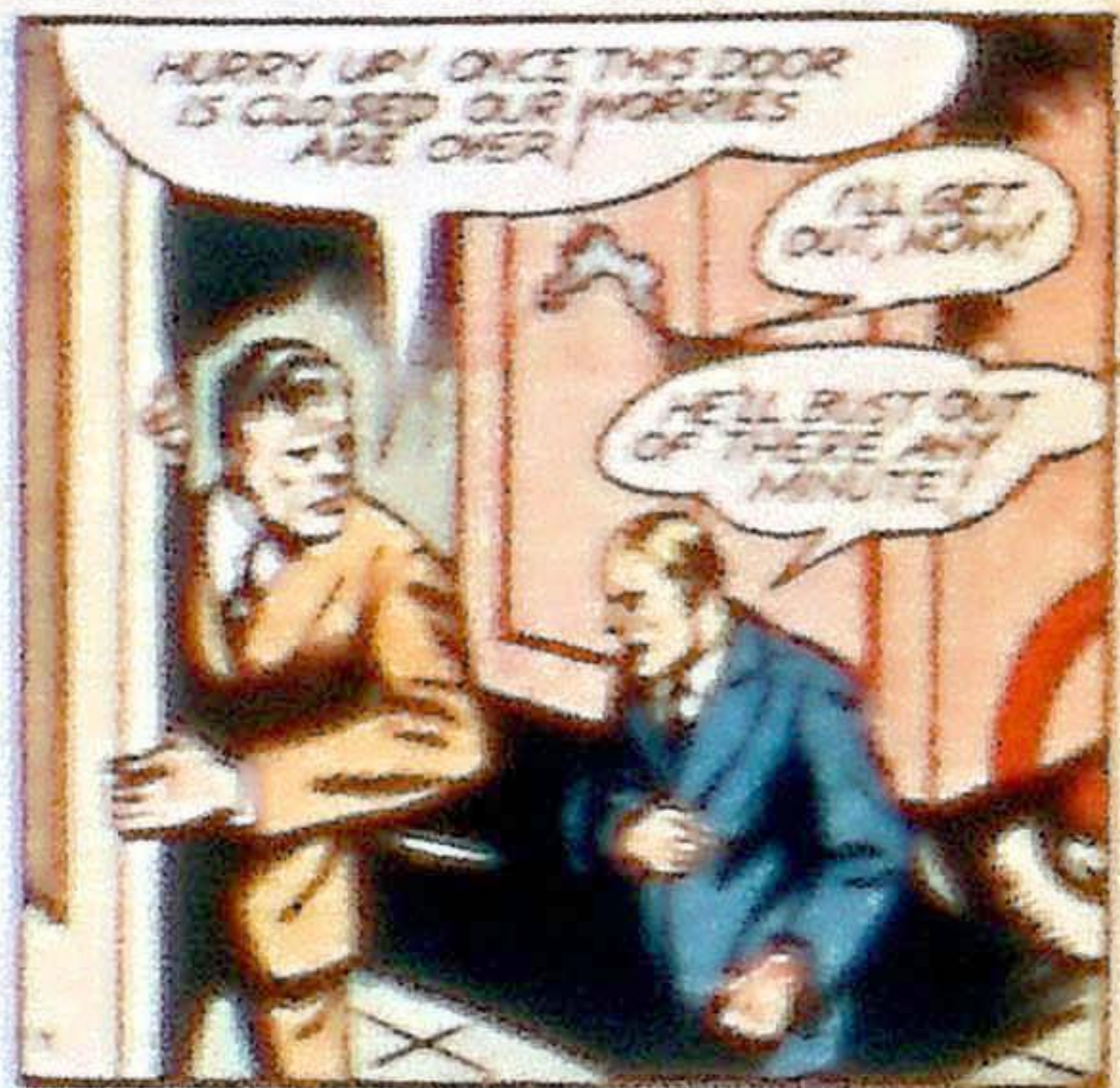


HOLY SMOKE! THE WALLS AND FLOOR
ARE FILLED WITH OLD FILM! THAT
PROP HERE FOR THE SCENE SENT
THIS PLACE UP LIKE
TINDER!

YES! ... AND
PURPOSELY! LET'S
FOLLOW THAT MAN
TO THE HOSPITAL
AND QUESTION
HIM!

AT THE HOSPITAL.....





MEANWHILE, TORCH ON A HUNCH, HAS THE POLICE CHECK UP ON THE MOVIE TRUCK TORO FOLLOWED...



THE SPOKE TO EVERY MOTION PICTURE COMPANY IN THE CITY, TORCH! NONE OF THEM FILMED ANY SUCH SCENE!

LOOKS LIKE THE KID IS REALLY INTO SOMETHING NOW! SEE YOU LATER!



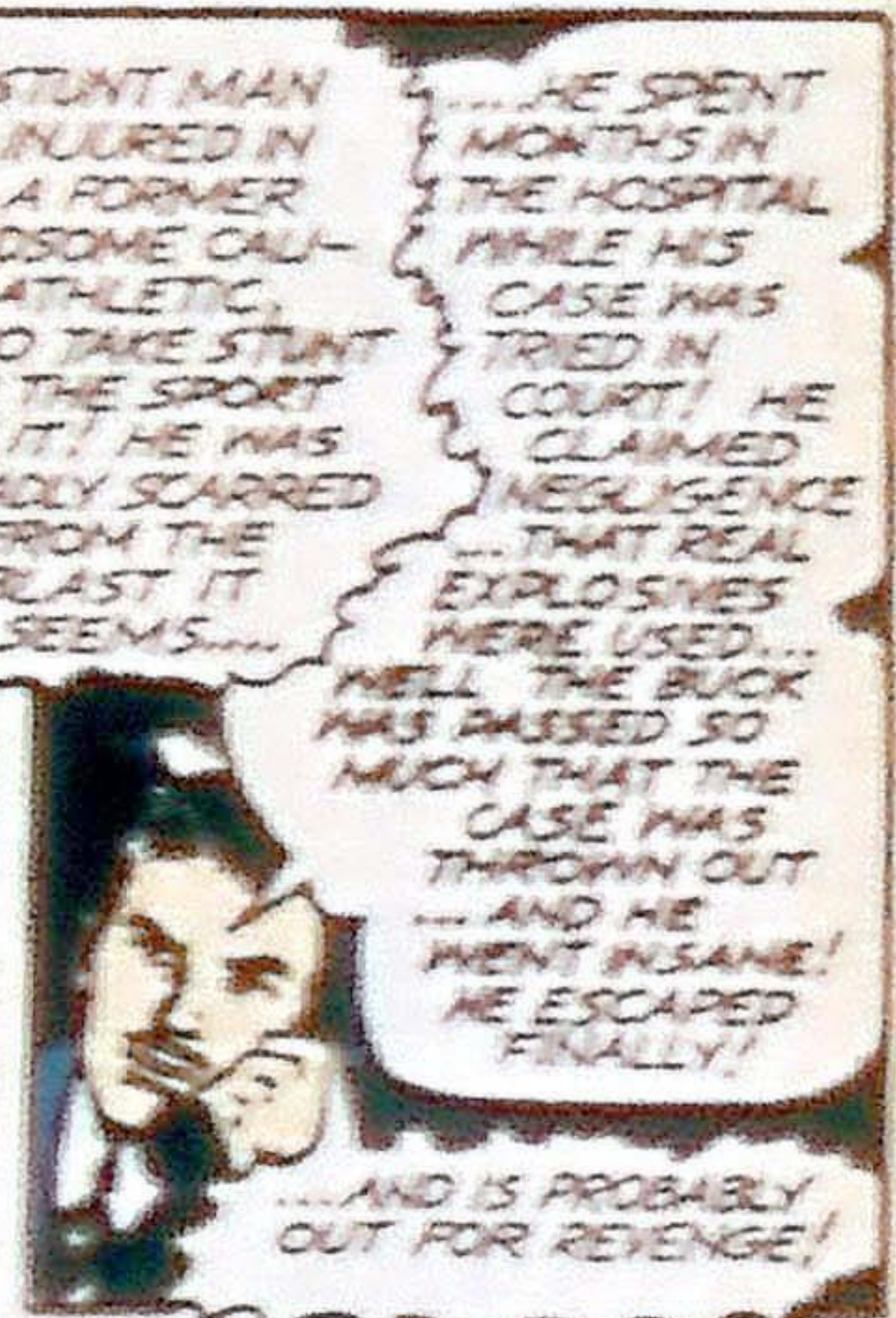
THIS IS THE ROAD THE TRUCK TOOK... BUT NO SIGN OF THEM NOW! BETTER CALL HEADQUARTERS!

TORCH RETURNS TO THE EDGE OF TOWN AND CALLS THE CHIEF!



ANY SUSPECTS?

YES! THE MOVIE COMPANIES HAVE JUST REPORTED... ALL THE VICTIMS FORMERLY WORKED FOR THE SAME OUTFIT! GRANT FILMS INC. IT WAS BLOWN UP ABOUT A YEAR AGO!



YES, A STUNT MAN WHO WAS INJURED IN THE BLAST! A FORMER HEALTHY, HANDSOME CALIFORNIAN, AN ATHLETIC, WHO USED TO TAKE STUNT JOBS FOR THE SPORT OF IT! HE WAS BADLY SCARRED FROM THE BLAST IT SEEMS...

...HE SPENT MONTHS IN THE HOSPITAL WHILE HIS CASE WAS TRIED IN COURT! HE CLAIMED NEGLIGENCE... THAT REAL EXPLOSIVES WERE USED... WELL THE BUCK WAS PASSED SO MUCH THAT THE CASE WAS THROWN OUT... AND HE WENT INSANE! HE ESCAPED FINALLY!

...AND IS PROBABLY OUT FOR REVENGE!



WELL! UP THE SAME ROAD... THIS LOOKS GOOD... AND AN OLD MANSION... SOUNDS LIKE A PERFECT HIDEOUT!



MEANWHILE....

CH... CH... AIR... TORCH! HELP! ... AHHH!





GOT THE FUSE!
NOW TO OPEN THIS
BLASTED TOMB!



YOU OKAY,
KID?

YES... AIR...
THANKS, PAL!
WE... MUST... FOLLOW
...THEM!



A SHORT TIME
LATER...

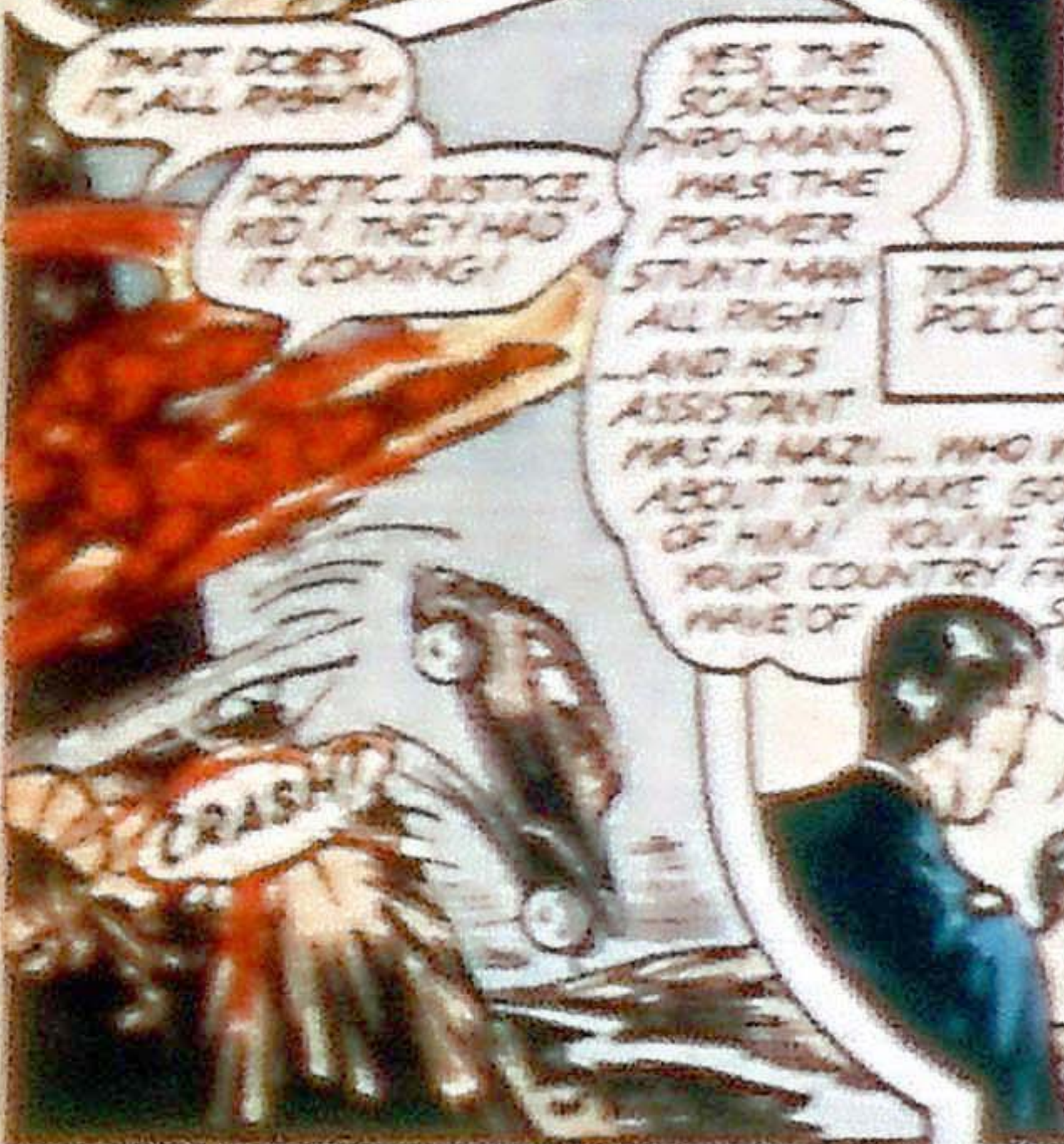
I FEEL OKAY,
NOW, TORCH!
LOOK, THAT MUST
BE THEM NOW!

IT IS! LET'S
DROP DOWN!



I DON'T GET
IT! UNLESS
THE EXHAUST!
...UH OH!
THAT'S IT!
LOOK OUT!

YEAH, THEY'RE
BOTH OUT GOLD!
CURVE'S AHEAD!



THAT DOES
IT, ALL RIGHT!

POETIC JUSTICE,
KID! THEY HAD
IT COMING!

YES, THE
SCARRED
PRO-MANIC
WAS THE
FORMER
STUNT MAN
ALL RIGHT
AND HIS
ASSISTANT
WAS A NAZI... WHO WAS
ABOUT TO MAKE GOOD USE
OF HIM! YOU'VE SAVED
YOUR COUNTRY FROM A
WAVE OF

TORCH AND TORO RETURN TO
POLICE HEADQUARTERS WITH
THE GOOD NEWS...

DON'T THANK
US CHIEF, IT'S
UP TO EVERY
AMERICAN TO
DO HIS
PART!
GENTLEMEN,
THANKS!

CHECK,
PAL!

YES, AND ARE YOU DOING YOUR
PART? BUYING WAR STAMPS?
WE HOPE SO! TORCH AND TORO
WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE
WITH ANOTHER RED HOT STORY!

LET'S PLAY Detective

by
Allen Bellman

PLAYBOY HENRY
RICARD IS FOUND
SHOT TO DEATH IN HIS
HOTEL ROOM --- THE
SMOKING GUN AT HIS
SIDE ---

WHAT WAS HIS
REASON FOR
COMMITTING
SUICIDE?

RYAN, I
DON'T THINK
IT WAS
SUICIDE!

IF RICARD TOOK HIS OWN LIFE,
THERE WOULD BE TRACES OF
POWDER MARKS ON HIM --- I
COULDN'T FIND ANY---



BELLHOP, YOU SAY
YOU SAW NO ONE IN
THE HALL AT THE
TIME OF THE SHOOT-
ING!

THAT'S
RIGHT!
THE HALL
WAS
CLEAR!

THE SCANDAL
WILL RUIN
MY HOTEL --

YOU'RE THE
MANAGER, I
PRESUME --
WHERE WERE
YOU AT THE
TIME OF THE
MURDER?

MURDER! WHY
I -- I -- WAS IN MY
OFFICE COUNT-
ING THE DAY'S
RECEIPTS --



BELLHOP, CAN YOU TELL
ME THE TIME THE
SHOOTING OCCURED?

SURE, IT
WAS 10:15 --
I CAN REMEMBER
LOOKING AT MY
WATCH!

CAN I SEE
YOUR
WATCH?

WHY
WHY --
SURE!

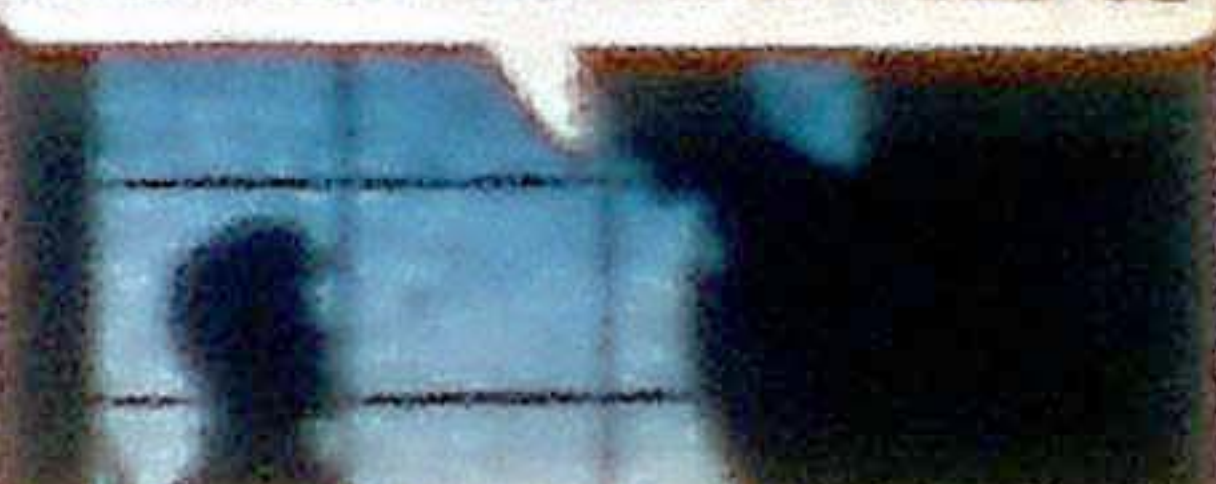


LATER ---
I KILLED RICARD FOR THE
SIMPLE REASON OF ROB-
BERY! RICARD ALWAYS
CARRIED A ROLL OF DOUGH
AND I THOUGHT I COULD
COMMIT A PERFECT
CRIME!

BUT TELL
ME, COP-
PER, WHERE
DID I SLIP
UP?

CAN
YOU
GUESS
THE
MISTAKE
THE
BELLHOP
MADE?
NO? WELL
THEN
TURN
THE
PAGE
FOR THE
SOLUTION!

TO BEGIN WITH, YOU WERE TOO
CLOSE WITH YOUR ANSWERS!
I SAID WHEN YOU HEARD A
SHOT FROM RICARD'S ROOM,
I WOULD STOP FROM WORK!
I'LL AGREE THAT THE CRIME WAS
COMMITTED AT 10:15 -- BUT YOU
NEVER LOOKED AT YOUR WATCH
BECAUSE IT HAD STOPPED AT
NINE O'CLOCK!



Eight LIVES LOST

SPIKE was an unlucky guy. We didn't know that until after he'd shipped with us and we were five days out of port. By then it was too late to do anything but push him overboard when the Skipper wasn't looking.

He never talked much. We figured he was one of those strong, silent guys. He'd come from the west, a row-puncher before the war. You could tell that by the amount of scenery you could see between his knees. Which was plenty.

At mess one night Phil asked, "Spike, what ship did you work before you came aboard with us? You're not green."

It was almost dead quiet for a couple of seconds. Spike looked up over the rim of his cup. "The James Horn."

Phil asked, "On her long?"

"No-o. Just long enough for her to get blowed to bits."

"Then what?"

"Couple of others. Four I reckon it was."

"Yeah?" Phil's voice sounded funny. "What happened to—them?"

"Same thing," Spike wiped his mouth on the back of his big paw. "I'm one unlucky cuss, fella. Seems like every time I go somewhere something happens."

I didn't hear the rest. I had to go on watch. But I got the story later, of how Spike had been torpedoed five times, had been wrecked a couple of times and to end it all, or start it maybe, he'd been punctured by a steer out west.

Unlucky! Huh, you should have heard the boys talk. Nobody liked the sound of it, and every one of 'em took pains to let everyone else know. We weren't superstitious to amount to much, but when they got their heads together and waded through a little addition, it came out Spike had had mishaps just exactly . . . eight times!

Not so good. Maybe Spike had nine lives. He'd been a jinx on just about every ship he'd sailed on until now. He had eight counts against him and . . . one to go.

That's the way matters stood the night the Emily Green blew her top and left us stranded.

Up till then we'd been in convoy. We'd been making good time and the weather hadn't been tough, and most of the crew had been looking forward to getting across without trouble, even with Spike on board. It was going to be kind of tough on him, because so far as we were concerned he was going to be a landlubber for the rest of his life, once we hit port.

It was late afternoon when it happened. There was a swell but the sky was clear and the air cold. We dropped out of the pack and one of the destroyers riding herd, circled and came back for a pow-pow with the skipper through megaphones. Nothing anyone could do for us. It was up to the black-hole gang to make repairs . . . or else.

It began to look like that or else stuff by evening. And I ran into Spike aft of the poop deck. Of all things . . . he was playing with a loop!

"Fine time to be monkeying with that sort of thing," I guess we were all a little on edge. I was thinking about the boy's addition.

Spike looked at me. He had a big loop in the rope and was swinging it around his head sideways, so the loop whirled around his feet.

"Maybe," I suggested, "you figure on roping a couple of subs. Just to keep your hand in trim."

Spike squinted out across the swells. "Not a bad idea. Although I never tried swinging a harpoon. You got one handy?"

I told him, "It ain't funny. Do you realize we're dead ducks if a sub does find us?"

"We've got a gun crew. What are they? Ornaments?"

"A sub doesn't come ploughing up here waving a flag!"

Spike nodded, gathered in the rope and made a smaller loop. "I found that out myself. Got a dunking besides."

Phil came up out of the companionway. He looked along to where we were standing. I was a little relieved when he turned and high-tailed it in the other direction. Only he didn't go far.

Before I knew what was happening, I heard a faint snap and hiss and that rope Spike was

juggling, shot out through the air and landed square around Phil.

He came up ripping and swinging with both fists. I couldn't help laughing. It was the first good one I'd had since we'd put out to sea. Spike snaked the rope off Phil just about as neatly as he'd put it there, turned tail and got going. He was fast on the take off, although I still can't figure out how a guy could get up such terrific speed with those bow-legs in so short a distance. But he did it. Phil never did catch him.

"When I do," Phil promised later, "I'll drown him. Personally. Without any help from anyone."

BY morning it looked really bad. You can't drift around the ocean like we were, without sooner or later running into trouble. We were drifting and . . . we ran, or drifted, into trouble.

It had to be a sub!

When the watch discovered her, the Old Man ordered everyone out of sight. Nobody knew what he might have up his sleeve, and all of us made tracks for hiding places.

The sub circled the Emily Green, and I saw the thin thread of her periscope wake. She circled a second time. She'd had plenty of chances to get into position and give us the works, but she didn't. Maybe they were curious or needed supplies. I don't know.

She went around so many times I was getting dizzy. At last this baby decided to surface for a good look. She came up out of foaming spray and men swarmed out of her tower and went for the deck gun. They had it loaded and aimed at us and still nothing happened.

I guess it got the best of them. They're a curious bunch of bums when it comes to anything of this kind. After a while they got out a portable boat and four of them got in, with a fifth bigwig in a fancy uniform and a lot of gadgets on his front, like a track runner at a ladies tea. Probably the captain.

They started across with fancy-pants right in the front of the boat. Behind them the sub kept her gun trained on us just for luck.

They came in close and the captain began to bellow like a hog-caller at a hog-calling contest. I expected something to happen any second. If something didn't happen pretty damned quick—

It happened all right. I'd forgotten Spike. But I remembered last when I heard a faint snap and the whistle of a rope through the air. I didn't see it but before I knew what was happening, I saw the loop around fancy-pants' shoulders.

He hit the water like a ton of brick.

I saw Spike then at the other end of the rope, his big hands pawing that line in. I couldn't stay put, I had to duck out and take a good look.

The fancy guy was at the side of the Emily Green. The next thing I knew, Spike had flipped the rope over a spar overhead, and had pulled his bigness up into the air and had him dangling there, swinging around like a top.

The Skipper came down off the bridge like a cyclone. He reached Spike, who yelled, "Maybe you savvy them lingo. Tell 'em if they don't do what we say, this guy's a dead duck!"

The Old Man knew enough German to talk to those guys. He started in while Spike made the rope fast, then fished a knife out of his pocket, with a blade about fourteen feet long. He opened it and leaped up on the railing, grabbed his ribs by the hair of his head, and yanked him backward. The knife went up into the air.

"Tell 'em pronto!" Spike yelled. "Those guys over there on the sub—"

It wasn't necessary. They sure hadn't expected this and I guess it had kind of stunned them. Before they knew what was going on, our four inches up front let go with a wham.

It was a beauty! It took deck gun, and crew off that sub in one shot. The second one got the sub squarely below the tower. The third—

It wasn't necessary. She was done for. The only trouble we had after that was getting Spike to give up the notion of scalping that German skipper. Maybe there's a little Indian in Spike.

The Emily Green was ploughing along home. She wasn't making the best time but we were on our way. We were putting away chow below and for a while nobody'd say boo to Spike.

Phil looked at him with a scowl. He said, "Spike, you half-wit, you got your nerve. I swore I'd trim you for that bouncing I got the other day. Now . . . I'm about ready to call it square."

Spike grinned. He fished out that road-stabber he had, ran his finger along the blade gingerly. You could have shaved with that scallo. He looked at Phil and chuckled. "I just had to break that jaw . . . before it broke me. Eight counts and one to go."

Phil shook his head. "I thought you'd gone nuts. You were yelling like a Comanche—"

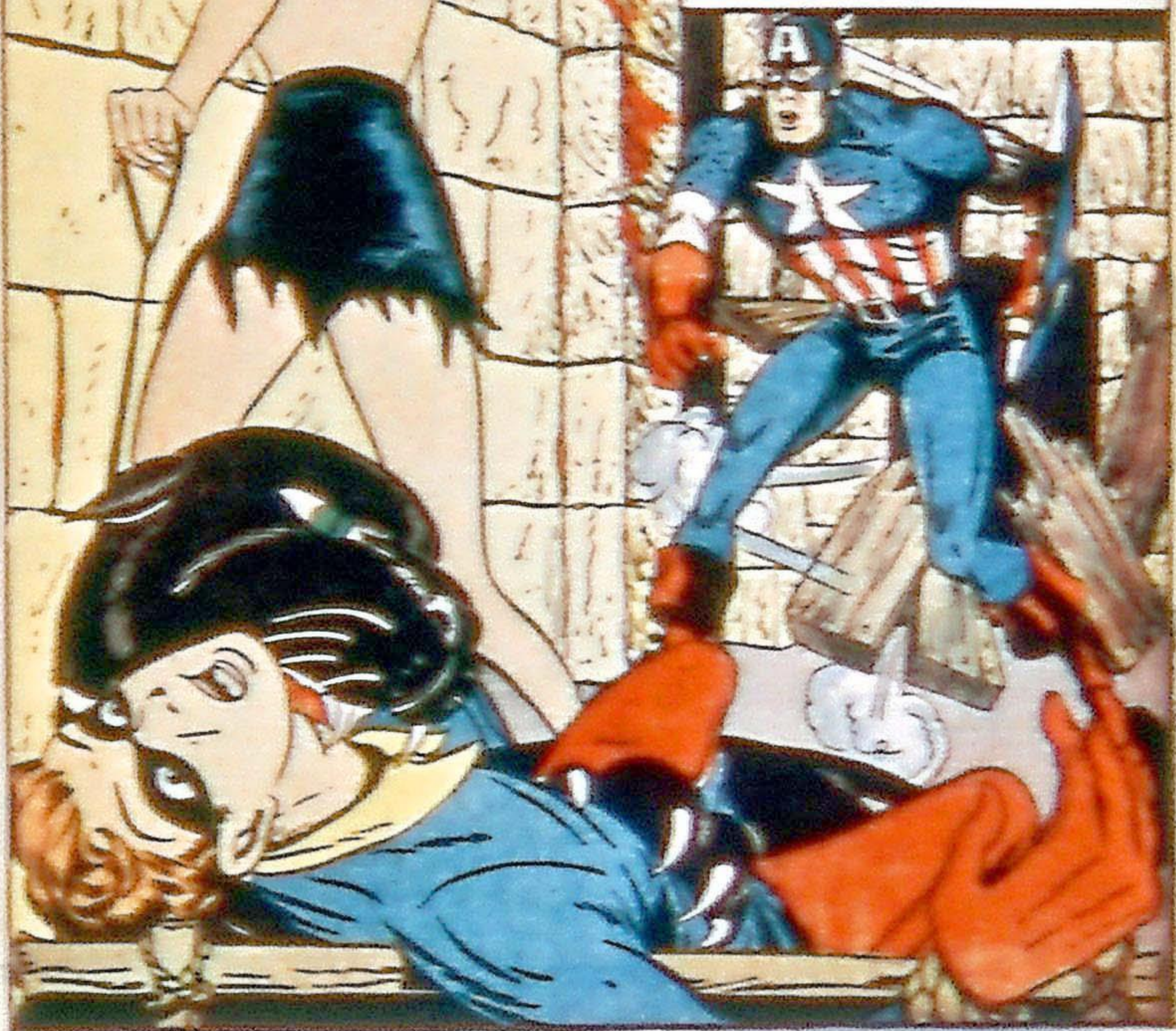
Spike shook his head. "Only one thing I regret. I've skinned plenty of snakes with this here knife. I sure wanted to skin that gee this afternoon." Spike snapped the knife shut. "He'd have made a swell addition to my collection back home."

THE END

CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE LEOPARD WOMAN

THE LEOPARD WOMAN! WEIRDLY BEAUTIFUL --- LIKE A GREAT FEMALE WILDCAT --- AN INCREDIBLY, FEROCIOUS, MYSTERIOUS CREATURE LURKING IN HER LONELY MANSION! BUT THERE ARE NIGHTS IN THE FULL OF THE MOON WHEN SHE ROARS, STALKING HER PREY, AND THEN WITH TWITCHING CLAWS --- POUNCES FOR THE KILL! GRISLY ANTAGONIST FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY AS THEY PIT THEIR WITS AND DARING AGAINST THE FIENDISH NAZI SPIES TO TRY TO SOLVE ---

THE STRANGE MYSTERY
of the
LEOPARD WOMAN!



OUR STORY BEGINS IN THE BEDROOM OF WILLIAM SANDS, WATER COMMISSIONER OF NEW YORK CITY! SANDS AND HIS WIFE ARE PREPARING FOR A PARTY GIVEN BY MRS. VAN LOAN IN HONOR OF A VISITING POLISH DIPLOMAT!

HURRY UP, BILL! WE SHOULD BE THERE BY EIGHT O'CLOCK!

GARDEN PARTY, UGH! OH, WELL --- GUESS WE HAVE TO GO!

AND OUTSIDE THE BEDROOM WINDOW --- ARE TWO CROUCHING FIGURES ---

FEW MINUTES LATER, AT MRS. VAN LOAN'S GARDEN PARTY, WE FIND OUR TWO FRIENDS STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES, DETAINED TO GUARD THE VISITING DIPLOMAT ---

WE WILL GET HIM AT THE PARTY!

THE LEOPARD DEATH WILL GET HIM!

WHO'S THAT IN THE WHITE JACKET, STEVE?

IT IS I WHO AM HONORED, MRS. VAN LOAN!

THAT'S BILL SANDS, NEW YORK CITY'S WATER COMMISSIONER!

WE ARE HONORED TO HAVE YOU HERE, MR. DACEZYNSKI!

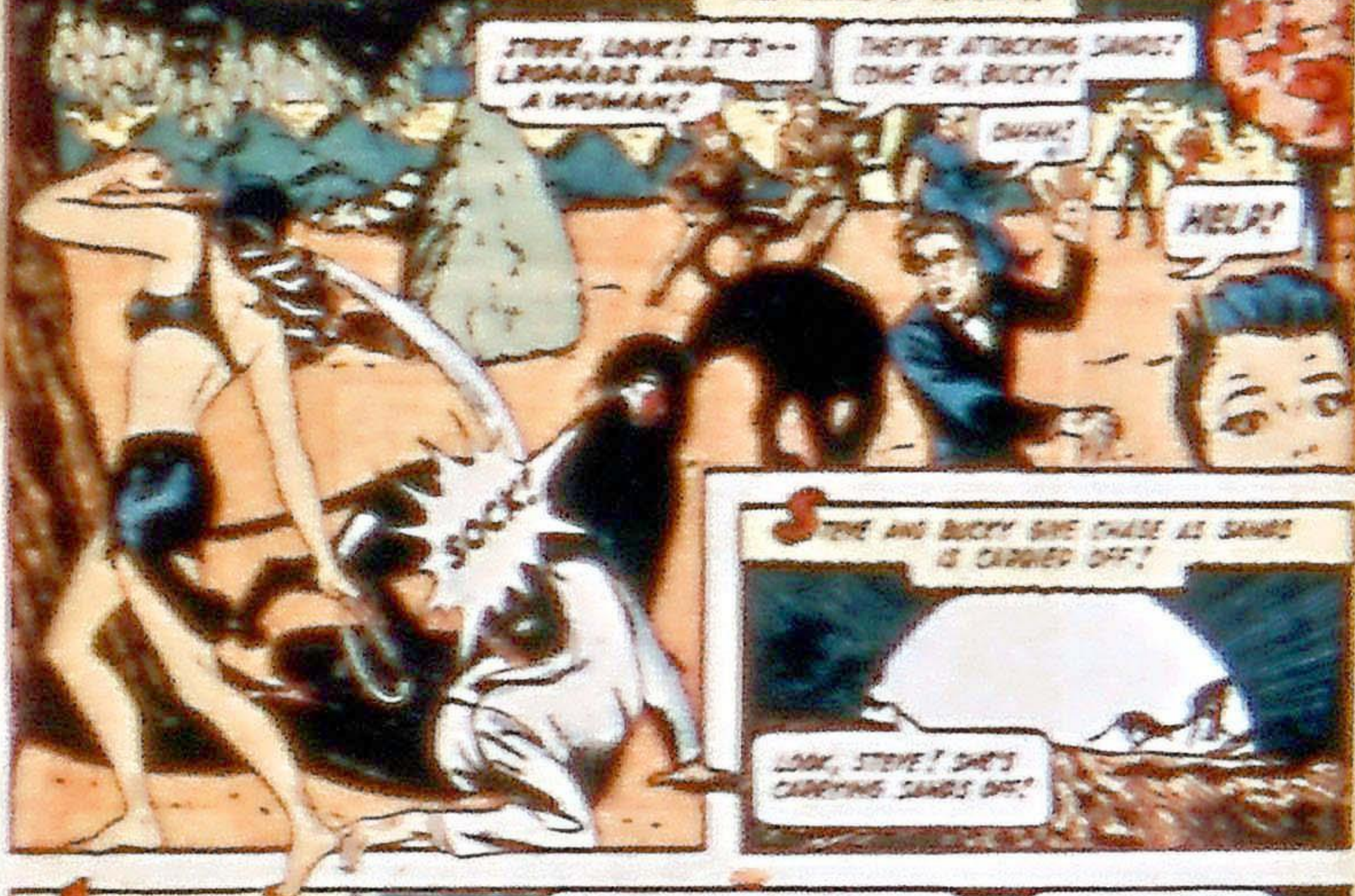
AMONG THE TREE BRANCHES OVERHEAD—
FIGURES WERE UNSEEN BY THE CROWD
BELOW?



SECOND, BEAUTIFUL CREATURES SUDDENLY POUNCE!!



THE GARDEN PARTY—A MOMENT BEFORE SO PEACEFUL, NOW IS IN
RED CHAOS OF TERROR!!



STEVE AND BUCKY SHE CHASE AS SANDS
IS CARRIED OFF?

LOOK, STEVE! SHE'S
CARRYING SANDS OFF!

AND SUDDENLY---



WE FINISH JUNE
DROPPERS NOW!



TWO NAZIS JUMP OUT OF THE BUSHES!

TAKE THIS, RAT!



OUCH!
CAP!

ONE FOR
BUCKY!

AFTER KNOCKING OUT THE TWO NAZIS, STEVE AND BUCKY SEARCH THEM FOR PAPERS OF IDENTIFICATION.



THEY LOOK LIKE NAZIS!

HERE'S A
PIPER—
A MAP!



SWIFTLY CHANGING INTO THEIR FIGHTING TOGS, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY MAKE THEIR PLAYS!

THIS MAP IS OF THE ASHARA RESERVOIR! CIRCLES DRAWN AROUND ESTATES SURROUNDING THE AREA! H-M-H-M! I THINK WE MIGHT PICK UP THE LEOPARD TRACKS AROUND THERE TOO, BUCKY!

LEOPARDS? GEE, I ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT THEM, CAP! DO YOU THINK THE LEOPARD WOMAN AND HER CATS ARE BEHIND THIS?

SOMETIME LATER, CAP AND BUCKY APPROACH THE GATE THAT LEADS TO THE ESTATE OF COUNTESS EYRA!

AT PRESENTLY -- THEY SEE THE MANSION OF COUNTESS EYRA, SLEEPING QUIETLY IN THE MOONLIGHT!



THIS IS THE LAST ESTATE CIRCLED ON THE MAP, BUCKY!

I HOPE WE FIND A CLUE AT THIS ONE, CAP!



CREEPLY LOOKIN', EH CAP?



HERE WE GO AGAIN, BUCKY!



I WISH TO SPEAK WITH THE COUNTESS. ARE YOU--?

NO, I'M ELZA, THE HOUSE-KEEPER!

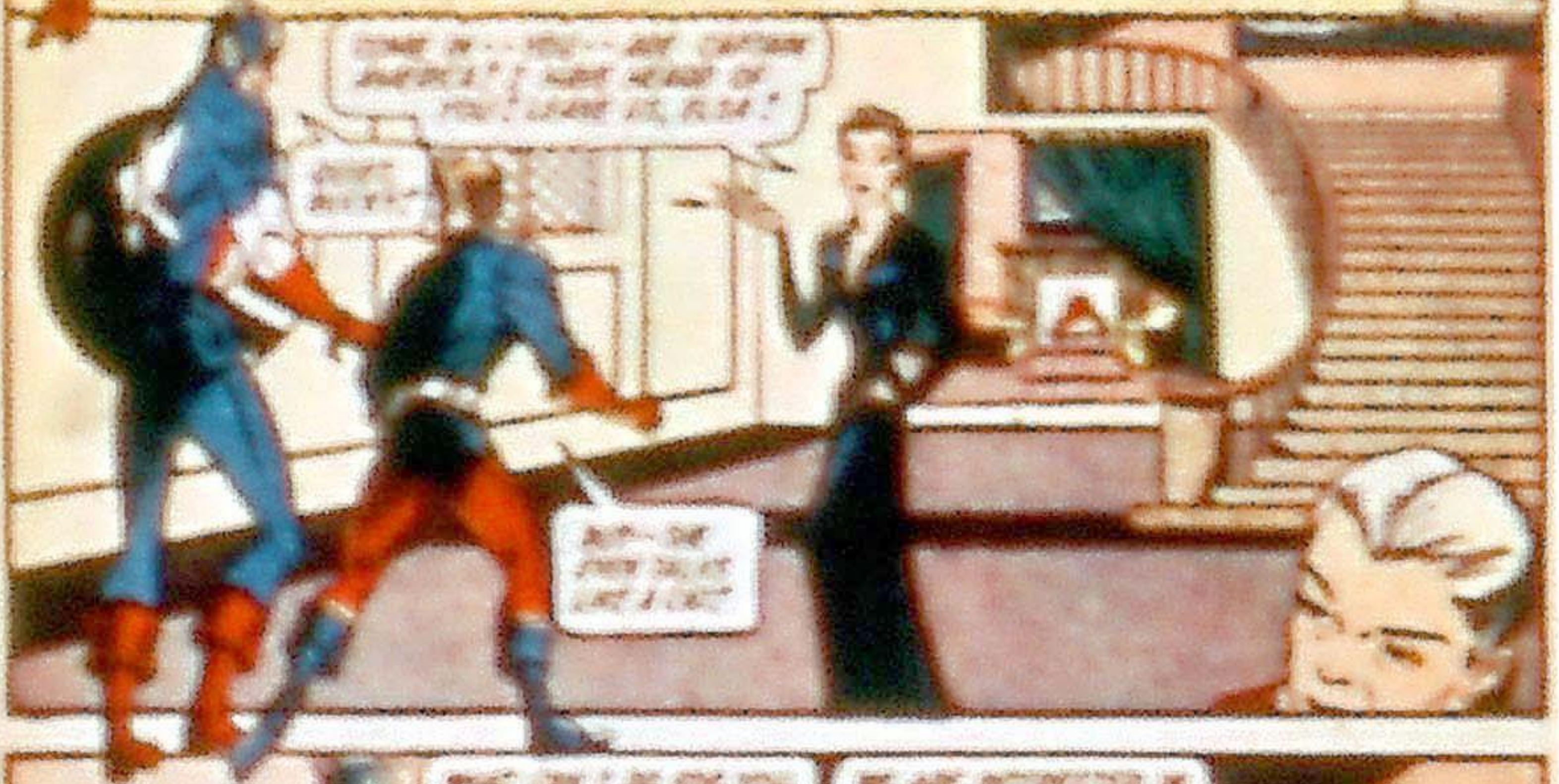
AS ELZA OPENS THE DOOR AND STANDS ASIDE --- CAP AND BUCKY SEE THE COUNTESS COMING DOWN THE STAIRS ---



WHO IS IT, ELZA?

HOLY COW! SHE MOVES LIKE A CAT!

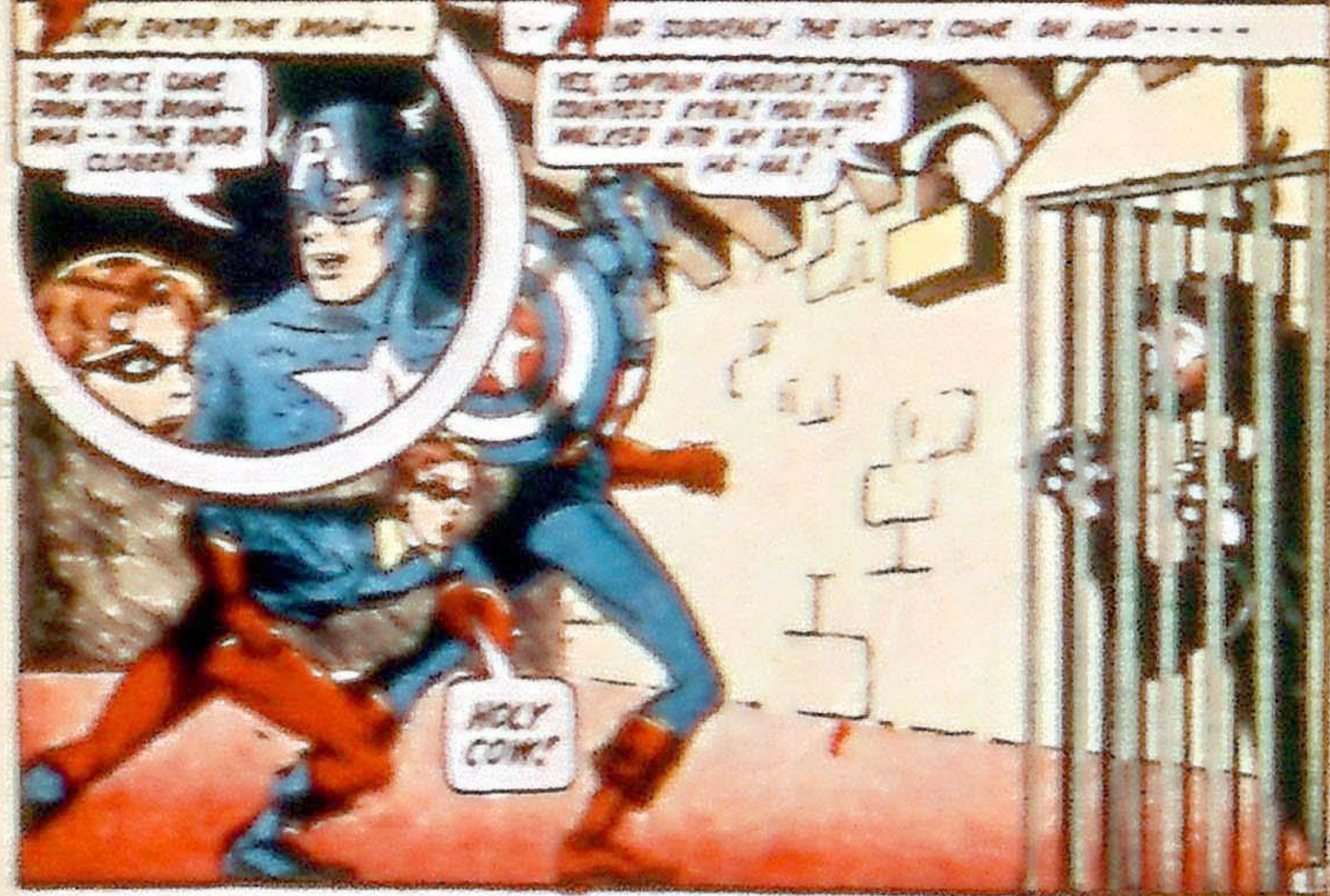
THE THUNDERBOLTS ARE HERE! THE BOMB, THE BOMB IN A HUNDRED BOMBS!



LET'S GO TO THE BOMB! THE BOMB IS AT THE BOMB!







I AM THE LEOPARD WOMAN! DID YOU THINK I'D LET YOU GET AWAY SO EASILY? NO, CAPTAIN AMERICA! YOU WALKED INTO YOUR OWN TRAP!

I RELEASE TWO OF MY PETS TO PLAY WITH YOU WHILE I SEE MR. SANDS! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE! THAT BOSS LOOKS JUST FINE!
HA-HA! GUARD THEM WELL MY PETS!

CAP! SHE'S LETTING THE LEOPARDS OUT OF THE CAGE!

ALL RIGHT! LEAVE THE JOB—THE TWO GUARDING LEOPARDS SHOULD COME FOR CAP AND BUCKY!

THIS LOOKS LIKE A RIGHT SPOT, BUCKY!

AND WE'VE GOT TO SAVE SANDS!

S UDDENLY, THE DEADLY CATS STRIKE!!

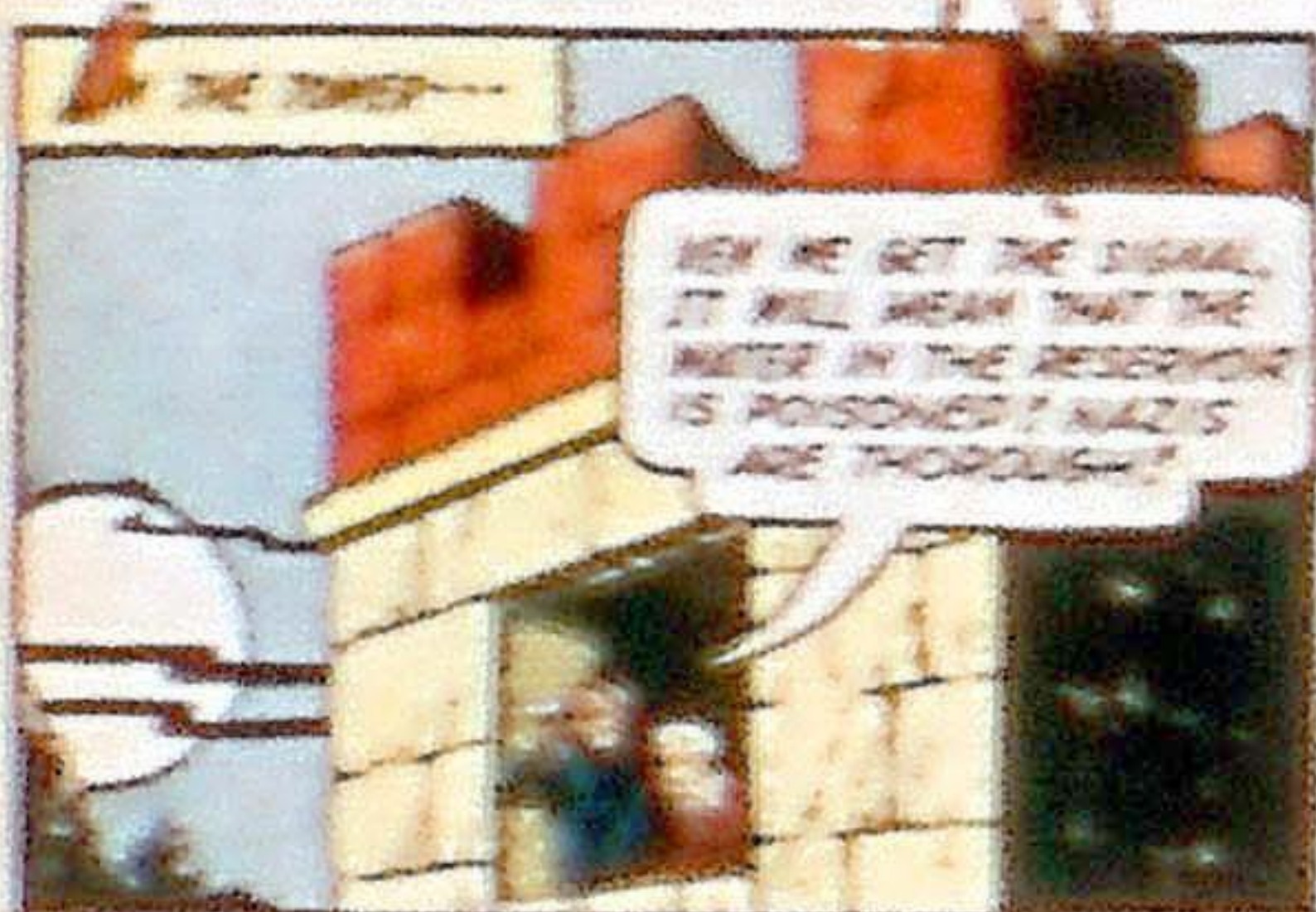
STAY BEHIND ME, LAD! HERE THEY COME!

AND IN THE MEANTIME --
COUNTLESS PEOPLE GIVE
HER ORDERS TO HER
MURDERER, ELZA, AND
ELZA'S BROTHER,
ERIC!

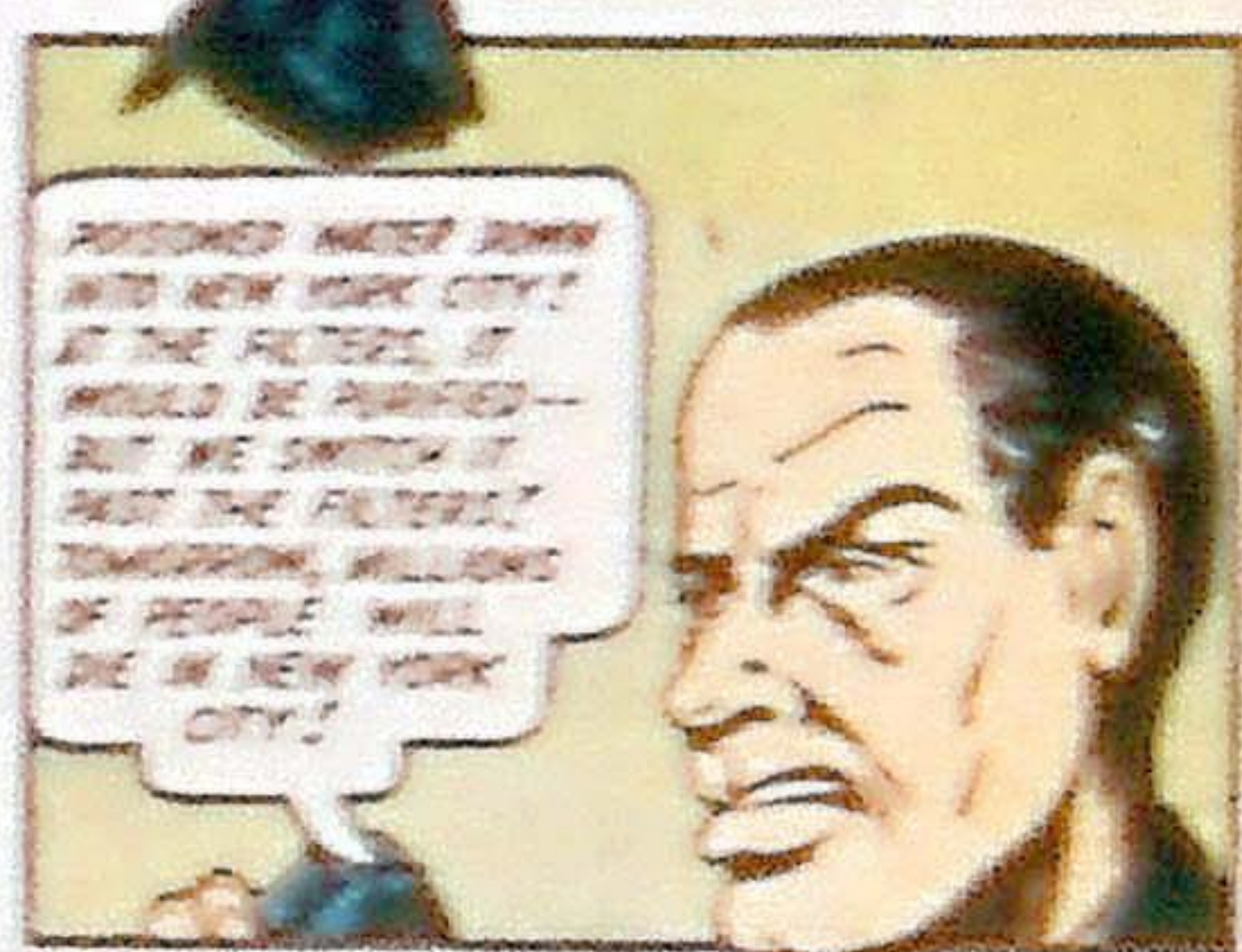


BE QUICK! TO THE TOWER! IT'S TIME FOR THE
SIGNAL! CAPTAIN AMERICA MUSTN'T STOP
US NOW! THE "LEOPARD WOMAN" WILL VISIT
MR. SANDS! REPORT WHEN THE SIGNAL
COMES!

GOOD! WE GO!



WHEN WE GET THE SIGNAL,
IT WILL MEAN THAT THE
WATER IN THE RESERVOIR
IS POISONED! NAZIS
ARE THOROUGH!



POISONED WATER DOWN
INTO NEW YORK CITY!
AT THE FILTERS, IT
WOULD BE PURIFIED--
BUT WE SWITCH IT
PAST THE FILTERS!
TOMORROW, MILLIONS
OF PEOPLE WILL
DIE IN NEW YORK
CITY!



THERE IS THE SIGNAL!

GOOD! WE REPORT TO
THE COUNTESS!



FEW MOMENTS LATER!

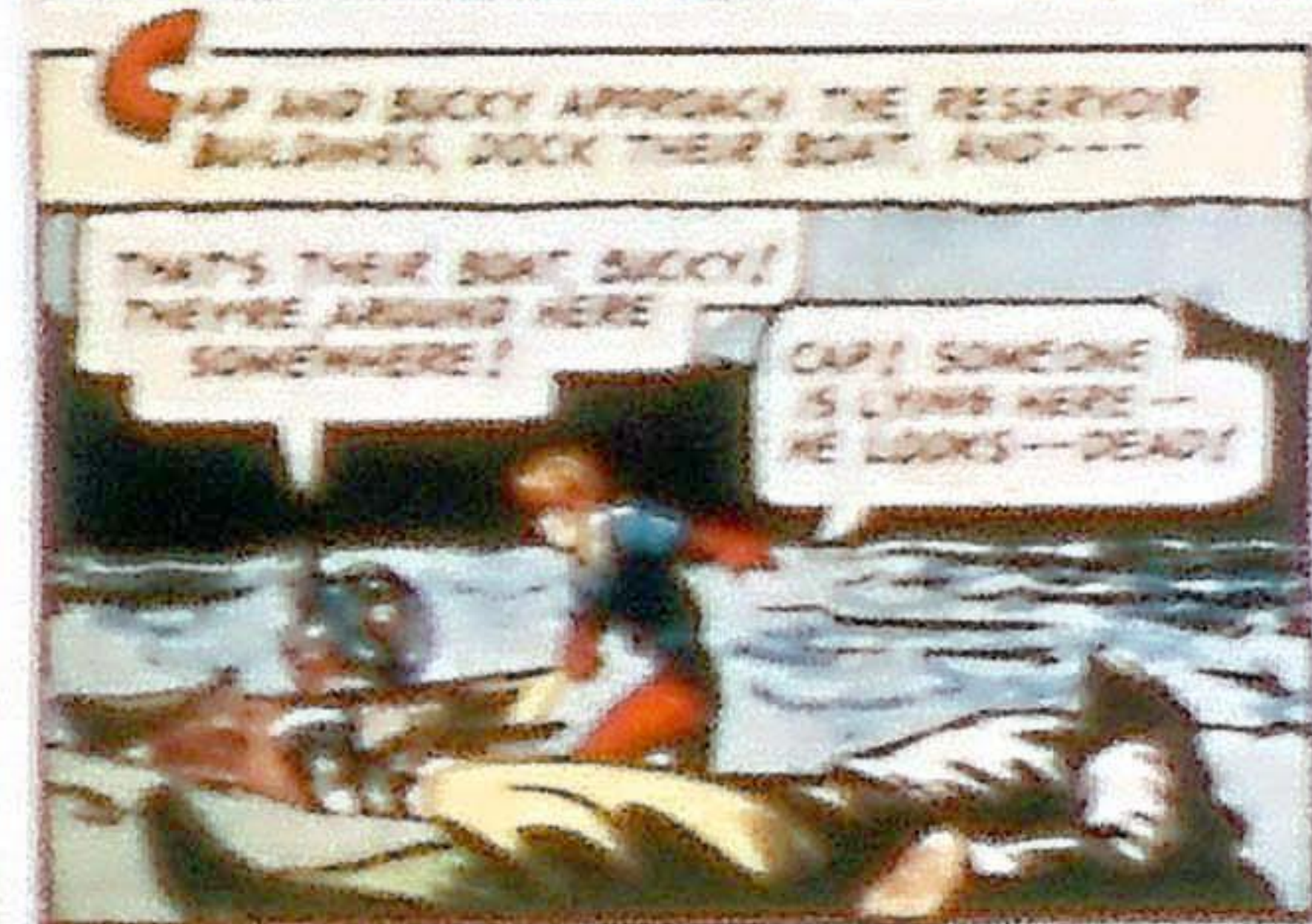
BE GENTLE, MY PET!
COME! WE WILL TAKE HIM
WITH US TO THE POWER
HOUSE!

WELL, I WON'T SHOW YOU
THE MAIN CUT-
OFF VALVE!
MILLIONS WOULD
DIE OF POISONED
WATER!



BACK TO OUR
FIGHTING DAD
IN THE DEN!

I'LL USE MY SHIELD! WATCH IT, BUCKY!
WE'LL MAKE A DASH FOR IT!



AND BUCKY MAKE THEIR WAY TO
THE POWER BUILDINGS---

AND SUDDENLY!!

ALL THE GUARDS MUST BE
DEAD! MUST BE LOT OF NAZIS
AROUND HERE, BUCKY!

LET ME AT 'EM!

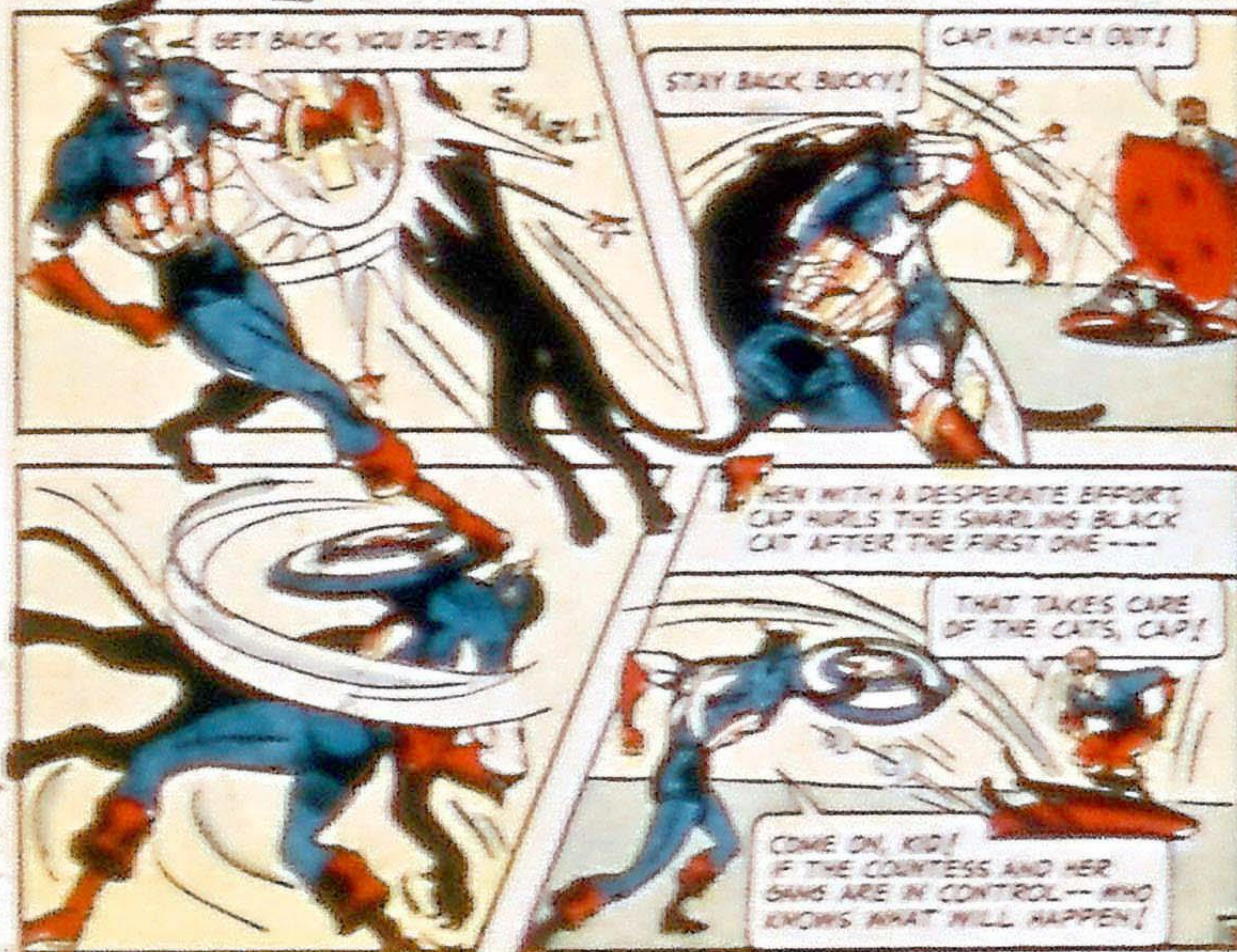
THERE THEY ARE,
MY LAD!

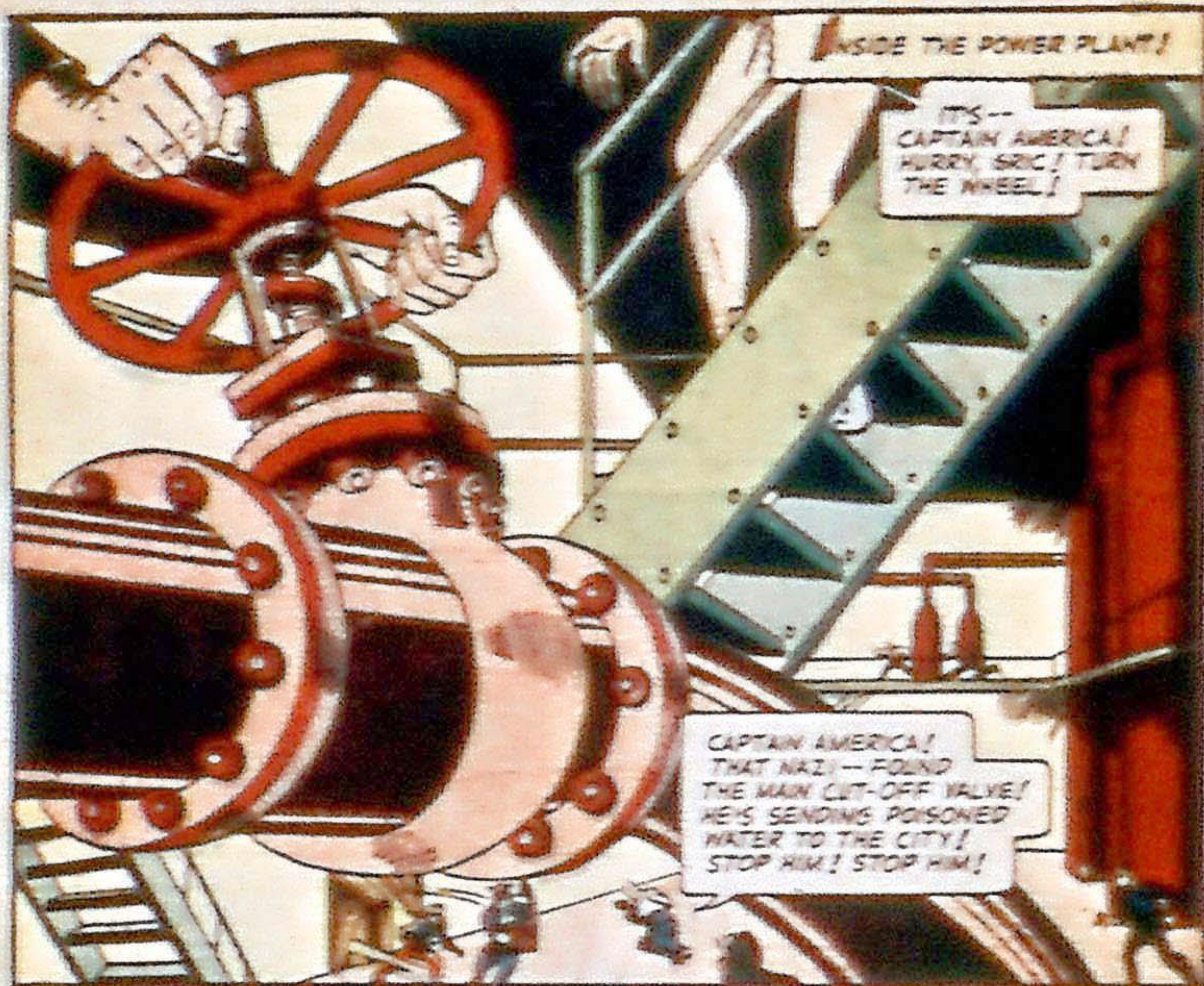
YAHOO!

ONE FOR A NAZI!

HELP, CAP!
HE'S TRY-
ING TO TELL
ME OVER THE
BARR!

HANG ON, KID! HERE I
COME!





CAP DASHES UP THE STAIRS AND--



NOW, YOU'LL DIE, CAPTAIN AMERICA!





LUCKY, IN THE MEANTIME IS SMASHING HIS WAY THROUGH THE NAZIS TO CAP'S SIDE!

HERE I COME, CAP!

I'M A LONG WAY FROM BEING FINISHED!

DOWN YOU GO, NAZI!

NOW, FOR THE COUNTESS!

THERE SHE GOES! TO THE ROOF! I'LL FREE SANDS AND TIE UP THESE NAZIS!

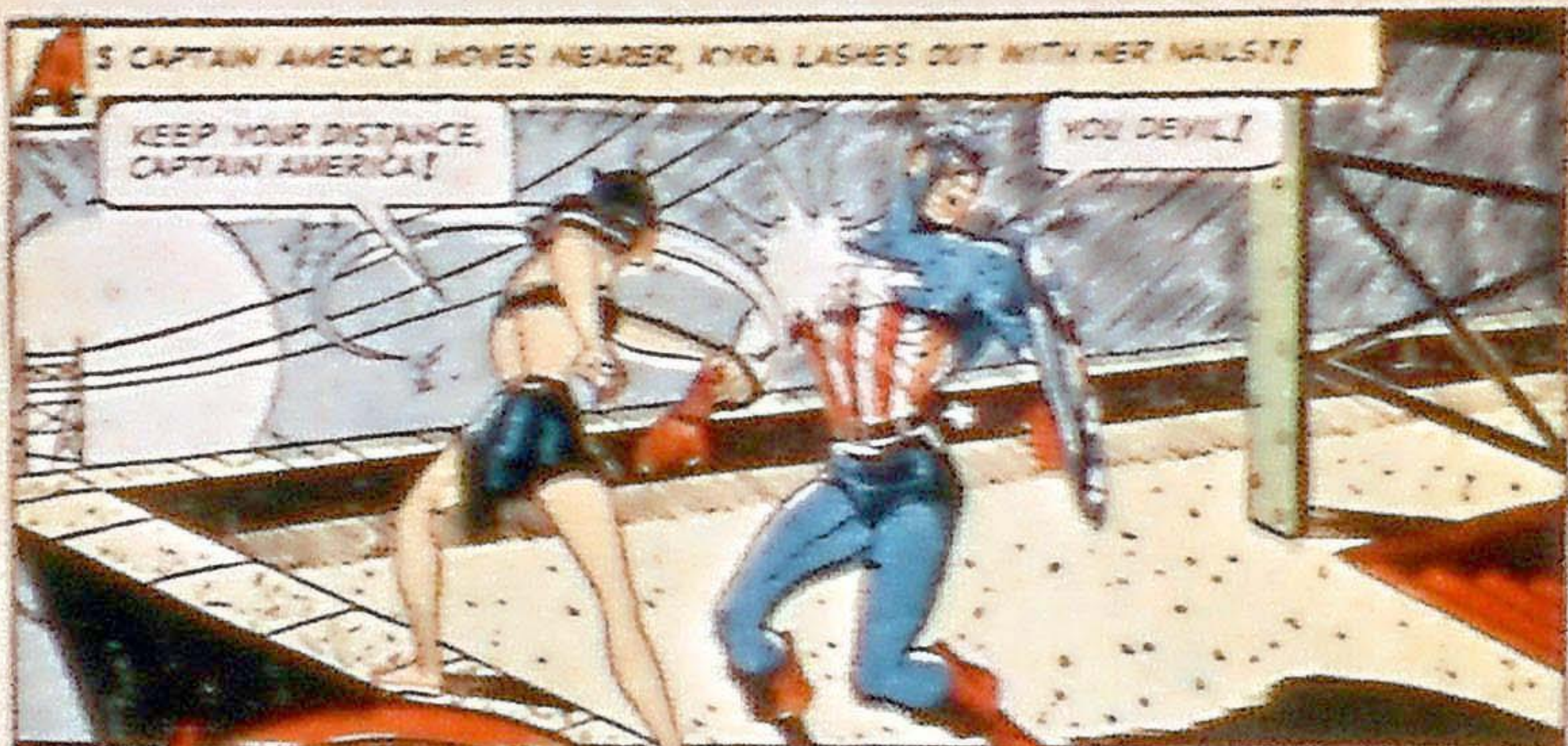
COME BACK HERE! YOU LEOPARD WOMAN!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, CAPTAIN AMERICA!

AT THE EDGE OF THE ROOF, THE LEOPARD WOMAN TURNS AND FACES CAP---

YOU CAN'T SABOTAGE BEHIND IRON BARS, COUNTESS! AND THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL BE FOR A LONG TIME!

[SHARL] COME ONE STEP CLOSER AND I'LL JUMP! MY MISSION HERE HAS FAILED BUT I'LL BE BACK!



AS CAPTAIN AMERICA MOVES NEARER, KYRA LASHES OUT WITH HER NAILS!

KEEP YOUR DISTANCE, CAPTAIN AMERICA!

YOU DEVIL!



IN QUICK RECOIL, CAP LUNGES FOR THE LEOPARD WOMAN, BUT-----

NOW I HAVE YOU! ---DON'T JUMP!

TILL WE MEET AGAIN! AAAAGGGG!

SHE JUMPED? WHAT'S THAT?

LISTEN TO THOSE HOLED-UP CATS HOWL! ---NO ONE COULD SURVIVE A JUMP LIKE THAT--- AND YET--- I WONDER??



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, CAPTAIN AMERICA COMES DOWN FROM THE ROOF--- ALONE!

YOU'VE DONE A WONDERFUL JOB, CAPTAIN AMERICA! I'VE CALLED THE POLICE! THEY'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS GANG!

WHERE'S THE COUNTESS, CAP?

SHE JUMPED, BUCKY! BUT I FEEL THAT WE'LL MEET HER AGAIN!

THE END

CAPTAIN AMERICA

WHY WERE THE
NAZIS SO CONFIDENT IN THE FACE OF
AN ALLIED INVASION
OF FRANCE? WHAT
SECRET PLAN WAS
HATCHED IN THE EVIL
BRAIN OF THE CRUEL,
RELENTLESS VON
SAMMER? FOLLOW THE
BREATH TAKING AD-
VENTURES OF CAPTAIN
AMERICA AND BUCKY--
AS THEY STRIVE TO
THWART THE CUNNING
PLANS OF ---

**THE GENERAL OF
DEATH!**



IN A SECTION OF THE FRENCH COAST OCCUPIED BY THE NAZIS, TWO MEMBERS OF A FRENCH GUERRILLA BAND PEER INTENTLY DOWN ON A SCENE OF A FEVERISH NAZI ACTIVITY!

COMRADE, LOOK! HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF NAZI TROOPS MOVING INTO A SECTOR THAT COULD BE DEFENDED BY A HANDFUL! I DO NOT LIKE IT!

NOR I!—SINCE GENERAL IRON SAVAGE HAS BEEN TRANSFERRED FROM THE RUSSIAN FRONT TO TAKE OVER THE NAZI COMMAND, THERE HAVE BEEN STRANGE RUMORS! HE MUST REPORT THIS IMMEDIATELY!

AT THE SAME TIME, AT GENERAL IRON SAVAGE'S HEADQUARTERS, A GESTAPO CHIEF IS BEING HAILED ON THE CARPET!

I WANT NO EXCUSES! THESE GUERRILLA BANDS MUST BE WIPED OUT! NO WHISPER OF WHAT WE ARE DOING HERE MUST LEAK OUT TO THE ALLIED HIGH COMMAND! IF YOU FAIL IN THIS, YOU WILL BE SHOT! UNDERSTAND?

YES, HERR GENERAL! I SHALL NOT FAIL!

WHILE AT THAT MOMENT, AT GUERRILLA HEADQUARTERS, AN URGENT MESSAGE IS BEING SENT TO AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

ELLLO, K.O. GUERRILLA UNIT, REPORTING! MESSAGE FOLLOWING IN USUAL CODE!

RECEIVING YOU—GO AHEAD!

MAJOR KIRBY, CHIEF OF AMERICAN MILITARY INTELLIGENCE IN ENGLAND, RECEIVES THE MESSAGE AND ACTS AT ONCE.

YOU UNDERSTAND THE ORDERS, LIEUTENANT DALTON? FIND OUT WHAT THE NAZIS ARE UP TO AND REPORT DIRECTLY TO GENERAL WATSON AT HEAD-QUARTERS! GOOD LUCK TO YOU!

THANK YOU, SIR!

LIEUTENANT DALTON SHOULD HAVE REPORTED DAYS AGO, SIR!

GOOD LORD, CAPTAIN, OUR PLANS DEPEND ON HIS REPORT! HE MUST PIN DOWN THIS FANTASTIC RUMOR OF A NAZI COUNTER-INVASION! IF TRUE, WE CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY ARE MASSING TROOPS IN A SECTOR IMPOSSIBLE TO LAUNCH AN ATTACK FROM! YET THE RUMOR PERSISTS!

AT THAT MOMENT IN A BASEMENT CELL OF THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND, LIEUTENANT DALTON FRANTICALLY TRIES TO CALL THE AMERICAN COMMAND!

CALLING K.O.—CALLING K.O! AM I'VE GOT THEM AT LAST!

FLEE FOR YOUR LIVES! THE GESTAPO!



LIEUTENANT, COME, THEY WILL SLAY YOU!

FLEE, RACUL! I AM STAYING! THIS MESSAGE MUST GO! THE FATE OF OUR WHOLE WORLD DEPENDS ON IT REACH THE GENERAL AUTOSON!



A.O. MUST TRICK FAST! NAZIS INTEND FORESTALL ALLIED INVASION, BY COUNTER INVASION—HAVE BUILT—HAVE... OFF...

TAKE THIS PHS BEFORE THE SENSATION



SOMETHINGS HAPPENED THE GESTAPO! BUT SIR! IT SOUNDS LIKE THE LIEUTENANT'S IN TROUBLE AND THE RADIO TRANSMITTERS GONE DEAD! YES SIR! PRIVATE ROGERS, SIR! HE'S DONE SOME GOOD WORK FOR US BEFORE

10...A FEW MINUTES LATER—OVER THE CALL SYSTEM OF BARRACK A—WHERE TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES ARE QUARTERED!

PRIVATE ROGERS! PRIVATE ROGERS! REPORT TO HEADQUARTERS IMMEDIATELY!

OH, OH, STEVE THAT SOUNDS BAD! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE NOW?

I DON'T KNOW, BUCKY, BUT I'VE GOT THAT FUNNY FEELING AGAIN!



AT EASE, PRIVATE ROGERS! I HAVE A DANGEROUS MISSION FOR YOU IN ENEMY TERRITORY! IF CAUGHT YOU WILL BE SHOT AS A SPY! NOW THIS IS WHAT YOU'RE TO DO...



YOU UNDERSTAND THIS INFORMATION IS VITAL! WITHOUT IT, WE CANNOT INVADE THE CONTINENT! NOW, GOODBYE AND MAY FORTUNE FAVOR YOU!

THANK YOU, SIR! I SHALL DO MY BEST!



HEY, SARGE!

SO—! THAT MONKEY-FACED SIDE KICK OF YOURS IS IN TROUBLE AGAIN, EHP I HOPE HE GETS TEN DAYS—! YEAH—!

BUCKY!

STEVE!



CAP WHAT'S UP?

PLENTY KID! THERE'S A BIG JOB AHEAD AND YOU AND CAPTAIN AMERICA ARE GOING TO DO IT!



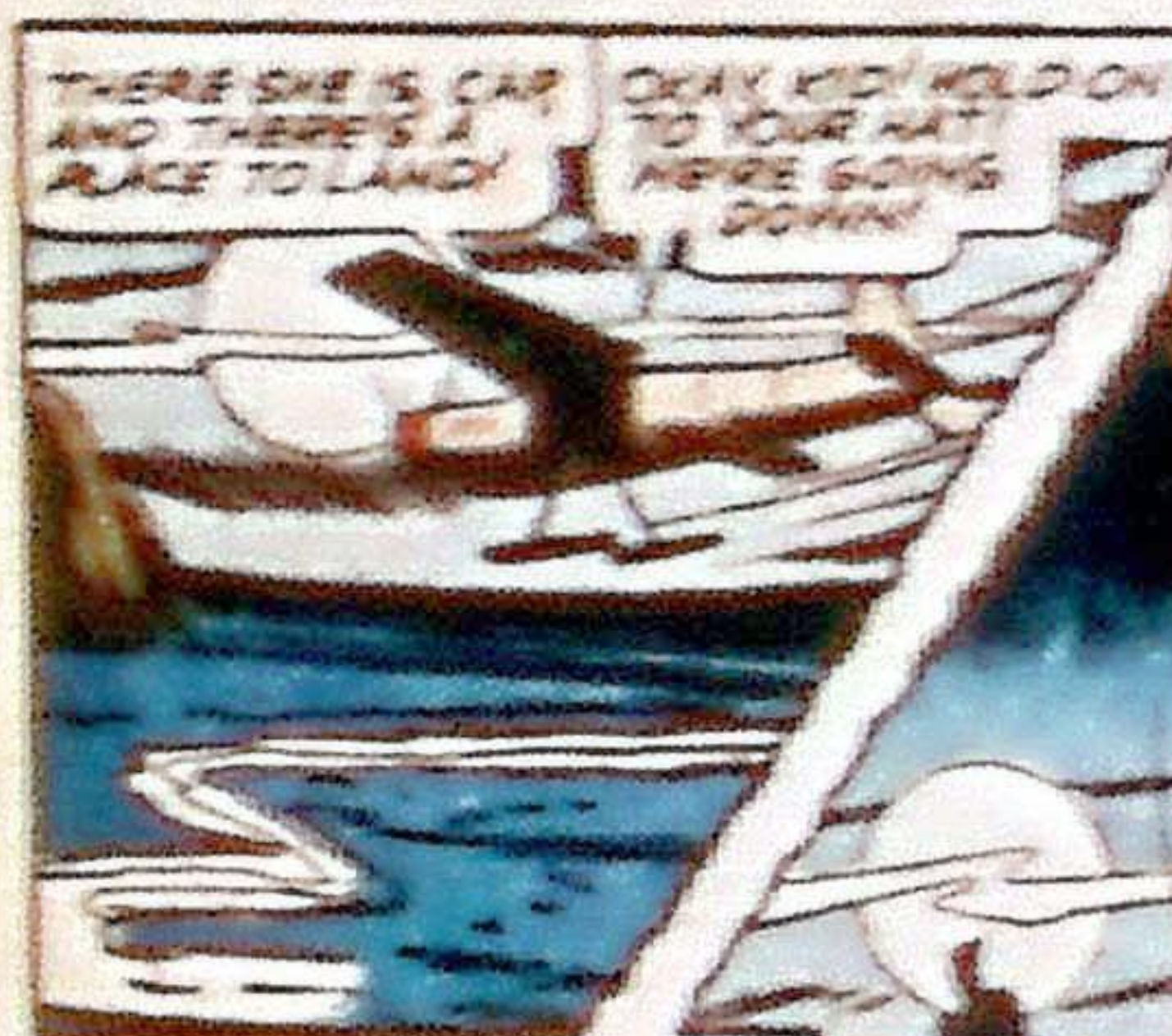
AND AS I WAS SAYING! HEY! WHERE DID DAT BRAT GO TO!



WHILE THAT BRAT AND CAPTAIN AMERICA

WHERE TO STEVEN

FRANCE BUCKY WE'VE GOT TO SEE A MAN ABOUT A PLAN!



THERE SHE IS CAP! AND THERE'S A PLACE TO LAND!

OKAY KID! HOLD ON TO YOUR HAT! WE'RE GOING DOWN!



HIMMEL! CAPTAIN AMERICA! GENERAL ION SAVAGE MUST REAR UP THIS AT ONCE!



GUTE GUTE! WITHDRAW YOUR MEN FROM THE CLIFFS EDGE! SET A TRAP FOR HIM! HA HA! FORTUNE FAVORS MY PLANS!

WHILE CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY UNRAVE OF THE NAZI'S PLANS ARE CLIMBING THE CLIFF



WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE REACH THE TOP CAP?

WE CONTACT THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND AND GET THE REST OF THAT MESSAGE! LEUT DALTON WAS SENDING BUCKY!



HEY CAP! NOT EVEN A GUARD! WHY THE WHOLE ARMY COULD!

I'M NOT SO SURE LAD! THERE'S SOMETHING FISKY! LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU!





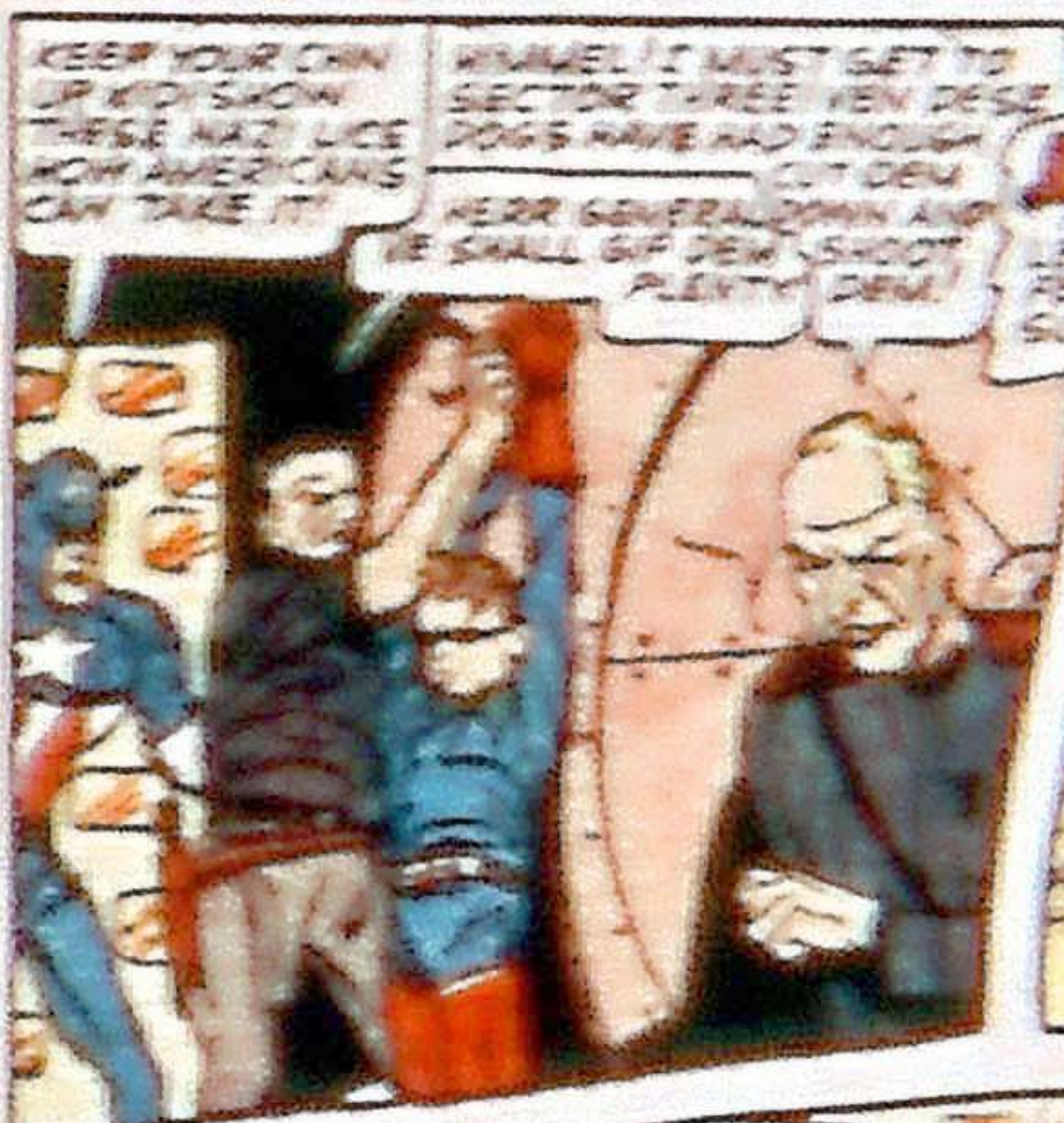
SHUT YOUR MOUTH, PEE!
THAT'S DEW TO THE CELLAR!
THEY WILL BEG TO
TALK THERE!

YOU'LL PAY
FOR THAT
YOU NAZI
DOG!



YOU SEE? A SAMPLE
OF THE NAZIS ART!
HE ALSO CAME SPYING!
CAPTAIN TAKE THE
LITTLE SHINE
FIRST! NOW HE
CAN TALK!

CAN THEY BE
GOING TO...



KEEP YOUR CHIN
UP KID! SHOW
THESE NAZI LICE
HOW AMERICANS
CAN TAKE IT!

WIMMEL! I MUST GET TO
SECTOR THREE! VEH DESE
DOGS HAVE HAD ENOUGH!
CUT DEM
HEER GENERAL DOWN AND
WE SHALL GUF DEM SHOOT
PLENTY DEM!

AS THE
NAZI GENERAL
LEAVES BUCKY WHOSE
FEET ARE UNITED
SUDDENLY LASHES OUT!

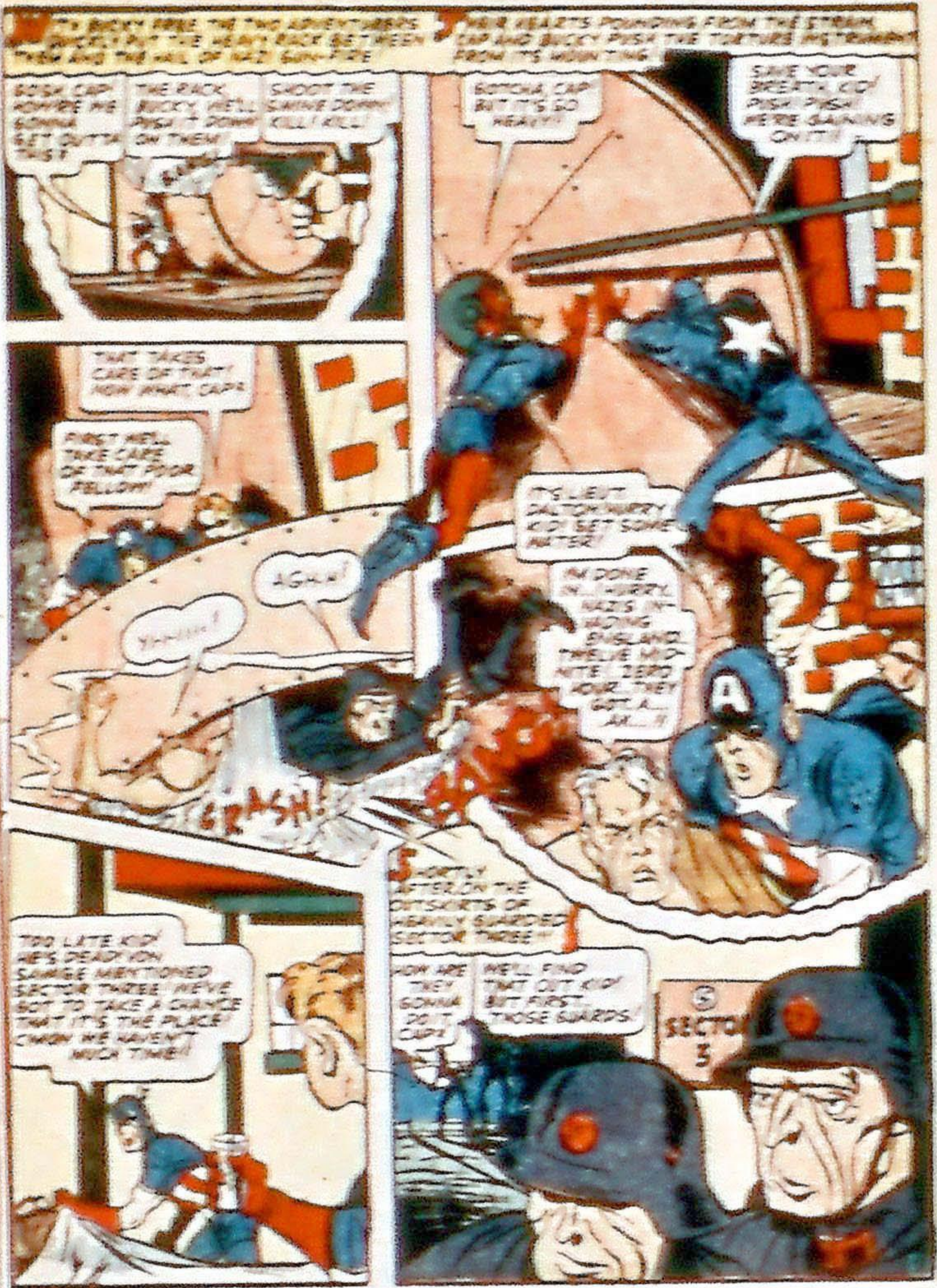
LET'S GO
CAPT!



AND THE
DIVERSION
CREATED BY
BUCKY ALLOWS
CAPTAIN AMERICA
TO GO INTO
ACTION!

SORRY TO
SPOIL YOUR
FUN, BOYS!

BAM!



BUCKY FREE THE TWO ADVENTURERS
QUICKLY PUT THE HEAVY RACK BETWEEN
THEM AND THE WALL OF NAZI GUN-FIRE

THEIR HEARTS POUNDING FROM THE STRAIN
CAP AND BUCKY PUSH THE TORTURE MSTRUMENT
FROM ITS MOUNTING

BUSH CAP!
HOW'D HE
GONNA
GET OUTTA
THIS?

THE RACK
BUCKY, HE'LL
PUSH IT DOWN
ON THEM!

SHOOT THE
SWINE DOWN!
KILL! KILL!

BOYHOA, CAP
BUT IT'S SO
HEAVY!

SAVE YOUR
BREATH, KID!
PUSH! PUSH!
WE'RE GAINING
ON IT!

THAT TAKES
CARE OF THAT!
NOW WHAT, CAP?

FIRST WE'LL
TAKE CARE
OF THAT POOR
FELLOW!

ASHA!

IT'S LIEUT
DALTON HURRY
KID! GET SOME
WATER!

WE DONE
IN... HURRY!
NAZIS IN-
HOLDING
ENGLAND
TWELVE MID-
NITE! ZERO
HOUR! THEY
GOT A...
AA...!!

GRASH!

SHORTLY
AFTER ON THE
OUTSKIRTS OF
HEAVILY GUARDED
SECTOR THREE

TOO LATE KID!
HE'S DEAD! YON
SARGE MENTIONED
SECTOR THREE! WE'VE
GOT TO TAKE A CHANCE
THAT IT'S THE PLACE!
CMON WE HAVEN'T
MUCH TIME!

HOW ARE
THEY
GONNA
DO IT
CURE?

WE'LL FIND
THAT OUT KID!
BUT FIRST
THOSE GUARDS!

SECTOR
3



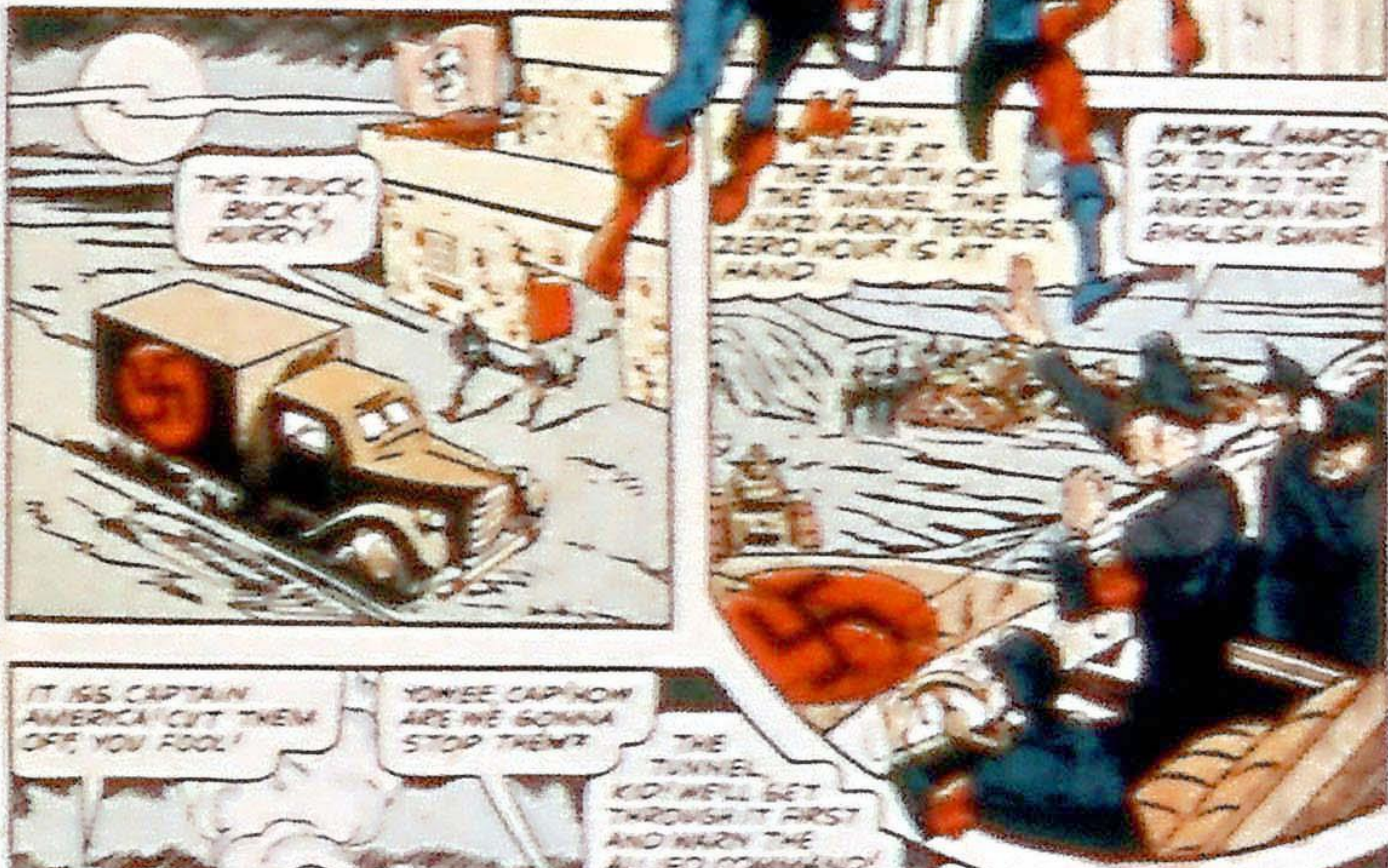
ONLY MINUTES TO
GO TO ZERO HOUR
KICK ON, WE'VE
GOT TO STOP
THEM!



THE TROOP
BUCKY
HARRY

WHILE AT THE MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL, THE NAZI ARMY TENSES, ZERO HOUR IS AT HAND

WOMAN (HARPER)
ON TO VICTORY!
DEATH TO THE
AMERICAN AND
ENGLISH SWINE



IT IS CAPTAIN
AMERICA CUT THEM
OFF, YOU FOOL!

YONNIE CAPINOW
ARE WE GONNA
STOP THEM?

THE
TUNNEL
KID WILL GET
THROUGH IT FIRST
AND HARRY THE
ALLIED COMMAND







HOLD TIGHT
BUCKY HERE
WE GO!



WELL THAT
TAKES THE
GOLDEN GOOSE
HOW ARE WE?
CAP? DO YOU SEE
WHAT I SEE
WHAT I SEE
WHAT I SEE!

EXPLOSIVES!
SNAP OUT OF
IT KID! WE'VE
GOT WORK
TO DO! THE
WHOLE
NAZI ARMY
IS BEHIND
US!

A LENGTH OF PIPE AND A TRUCK-
LOAD OF EXPLOSIVES MAKE NO
STEAM FOR A NAZI ARMY!

WELL KID WE'VE
GOT JUST 15 MIN-
UTES BEFORE
THE ROOF BLOWS
OFF THIS PLACE!
TAKE ALONG
A STICK FOR
GOOD LUCK!

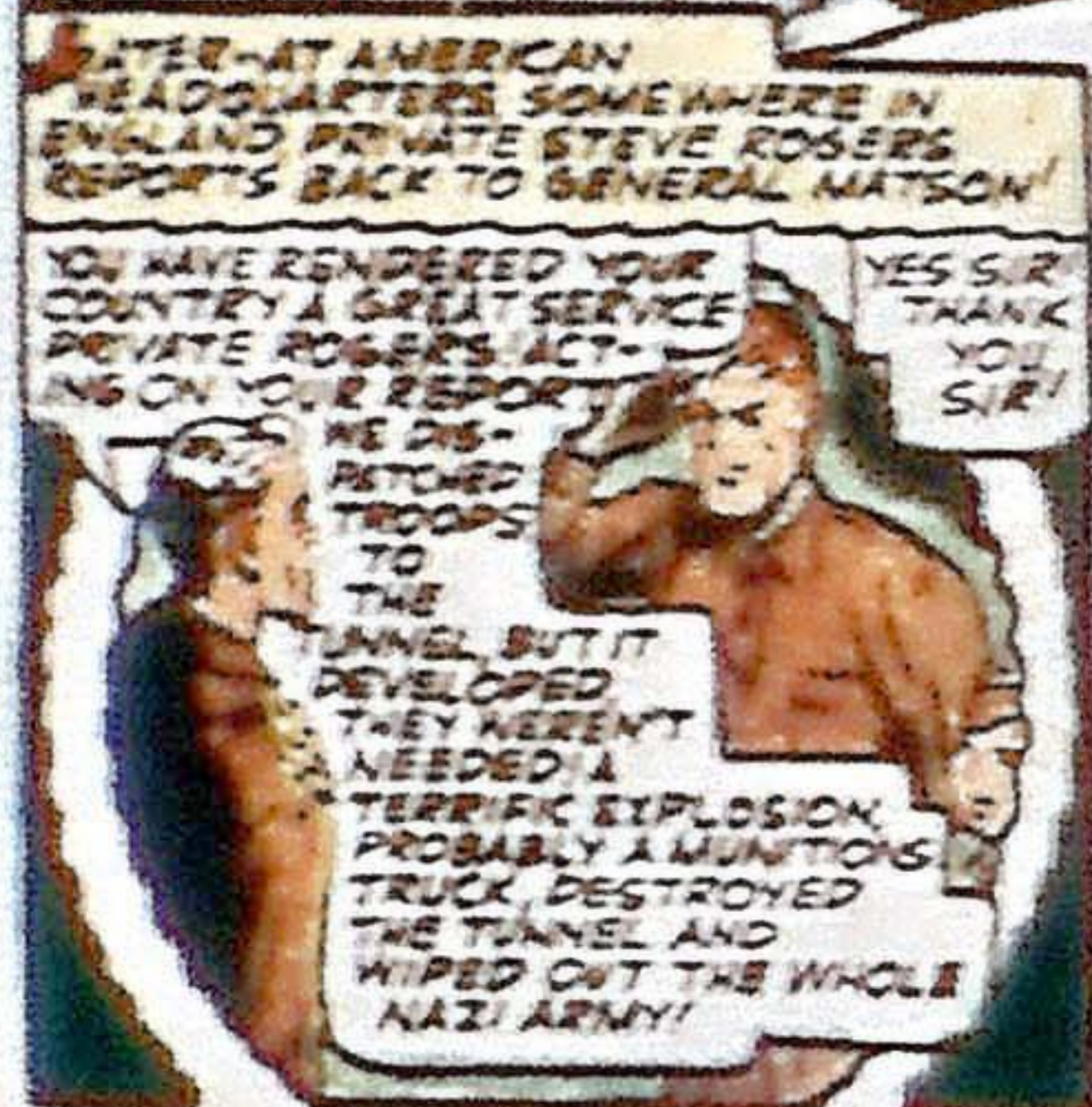
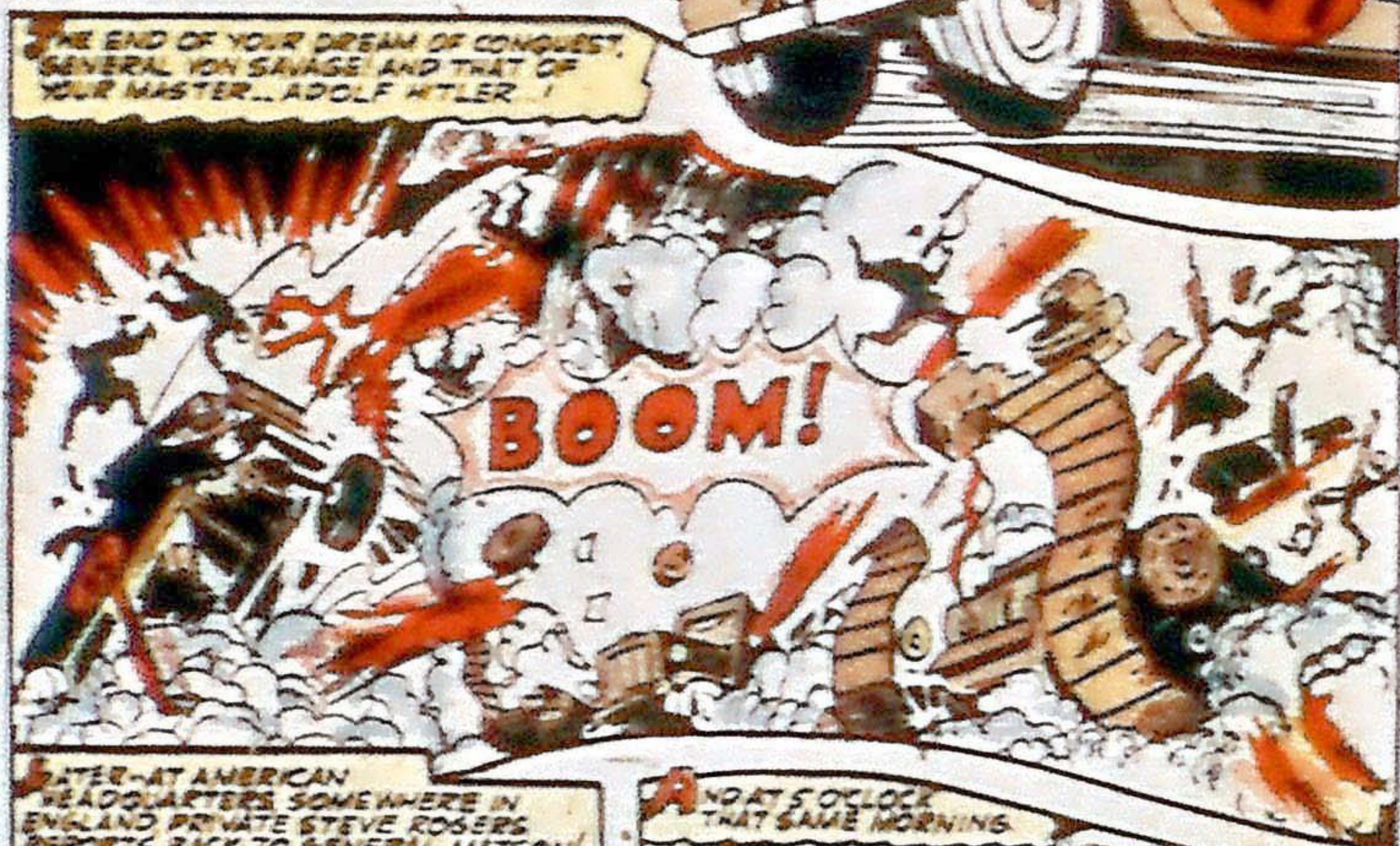
REACHING THE END OF
THE TUNNEL CAP AND
BUCKY FIND A RECEPTION
COMMITTEE READY TO
GREET THEM!

YOWIE! TWO
MINUTES TO GO
AND LOOK AT
THIS!

LET'S
HAVE THAT
DYNAMITE!
KID! WE'LL
KILL TWO
BIRDS WITH
ONE!

STICK!





HI FELLERS

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO
EARN MONEY AND PRIZES



V FOR VICTORY
Uncle Sam needs your help in winning this war. You can do your share by obtaining War Stamps. Send me the coupons on the bottom of this page and learn how you can earn War Stamps and prizes by delivering Collier's to regular customers whom you obtain in your neighborhood.



BASEBALL GLOVE AND BALL



FISHING OUTFIT

WREST WATCH

HARD AGE



CAMERA



G-MEN SET

You can
Win These
PRIZES
Without
Cost!

It's fun! It's easy, earning MONEY and PRIZES the Collier's way. Don't envy other fellows who have money to spend whenever they want it. Build up a business of your own that will put CASH in your pocket every week, in addition to which you can earn War Saving Stamps and lots of swell prizes like the ones pictured on this page. All you have to do is deliver Collier's, the popular national weekly, to customers whom you obtain right in your own neighborhood. Will not interfere with school or other activities. If other fellows can pile up cash profits, War Saving Stamps and prizes—you can do it too! Remember, you earn BOTH cash and prizes. Don't waste another moment "wishing." Fill out and mail coupon today. Hurry! Don't let your pals beat you to it.

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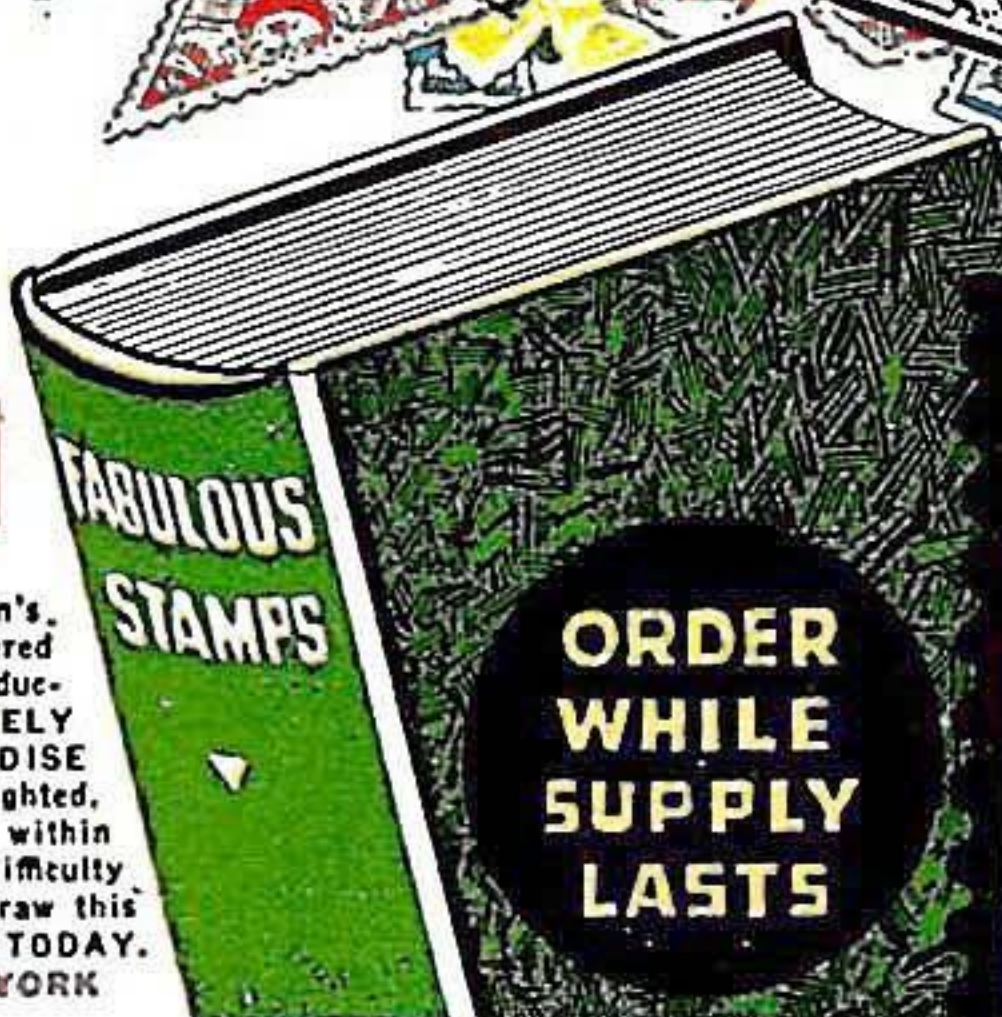
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